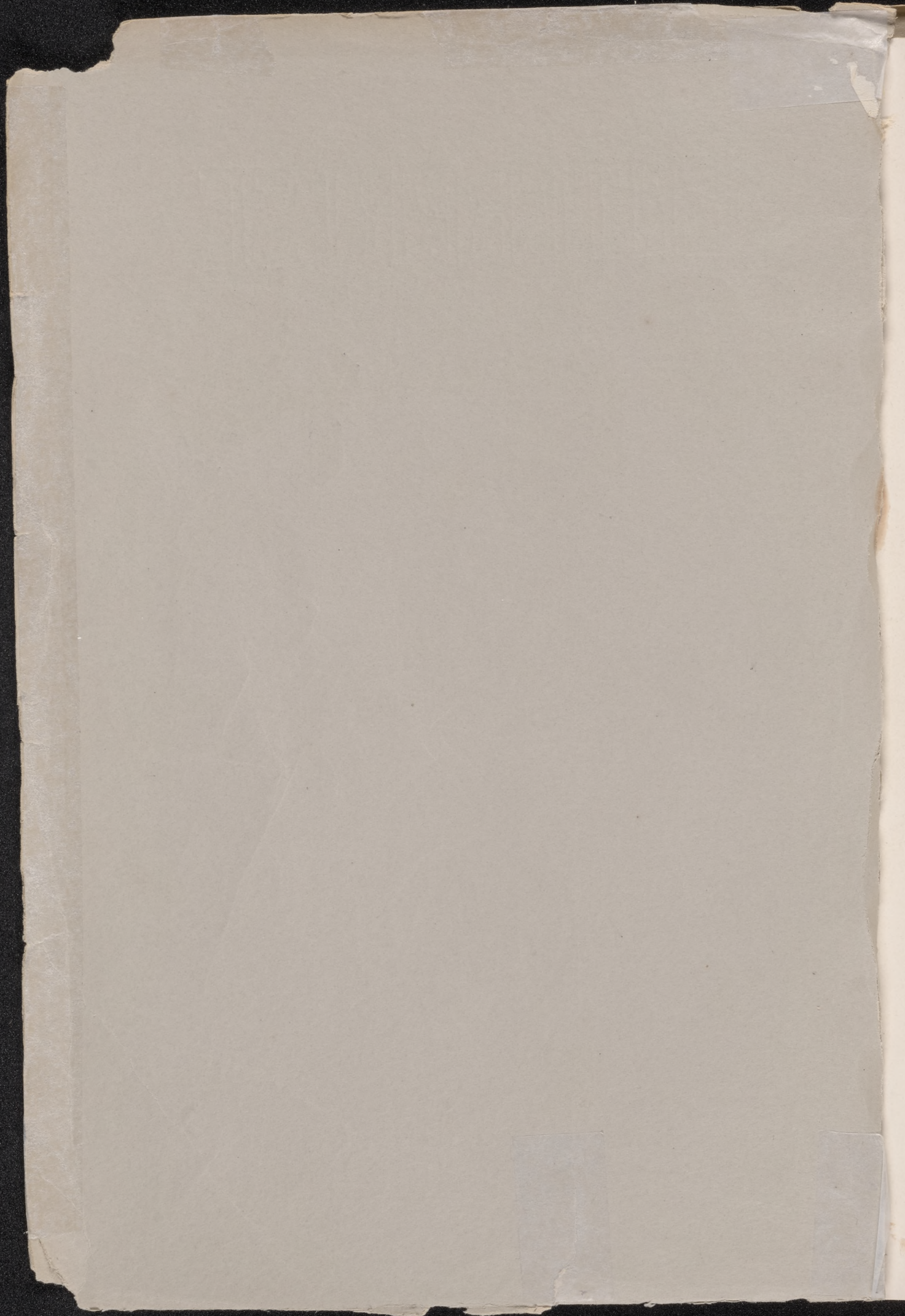


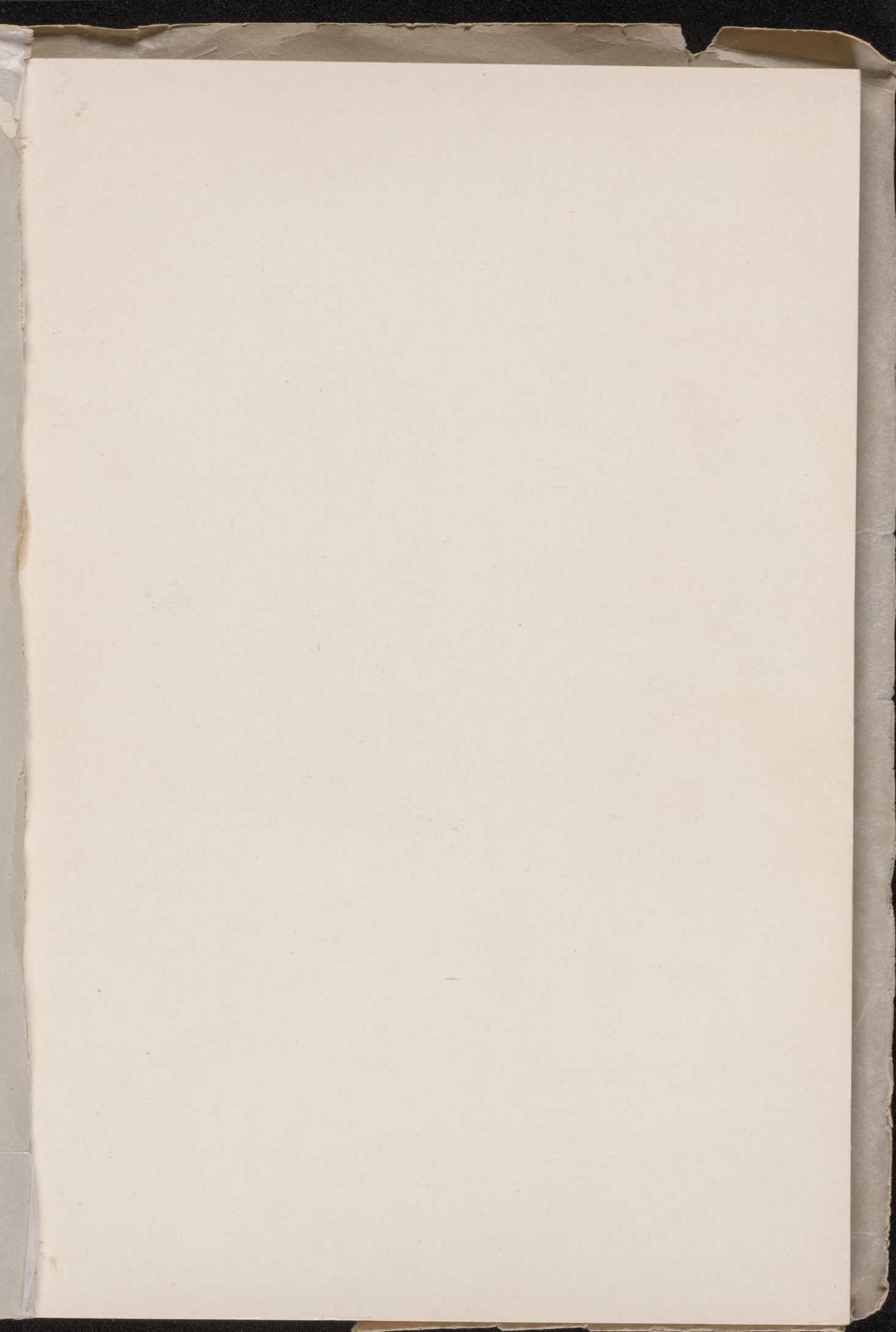
ENTERPRISE

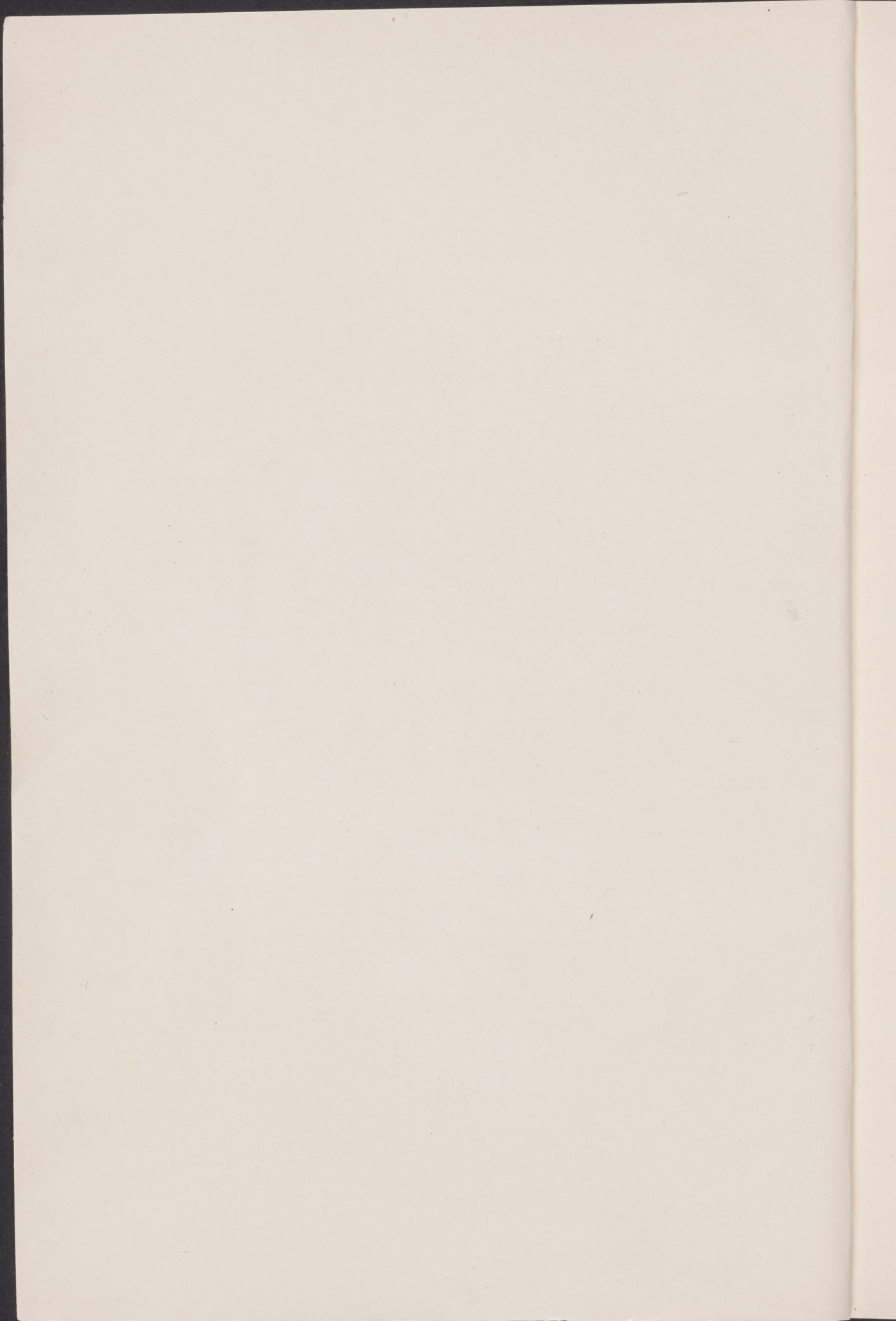


-1913-

H. O. T. T. V.







The Enterprise



Petaluma High School

Petaluma, California

To

Miss Helen C. Prutzman,

as a token of our sincere regard,

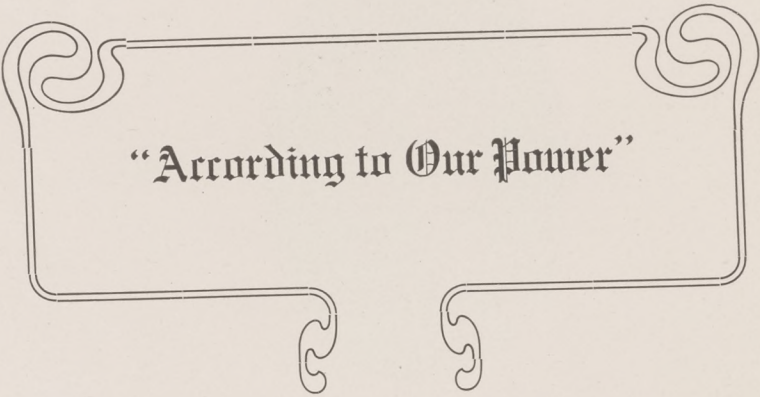
this book is dedicated,

by the class of

June, 1913



"Thou wert our guide, philosopher
and friend."

A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at each corner and the center of the bottom edge. The frame is drawn with a double-line border.

“According to Our Power”



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...Faculty...



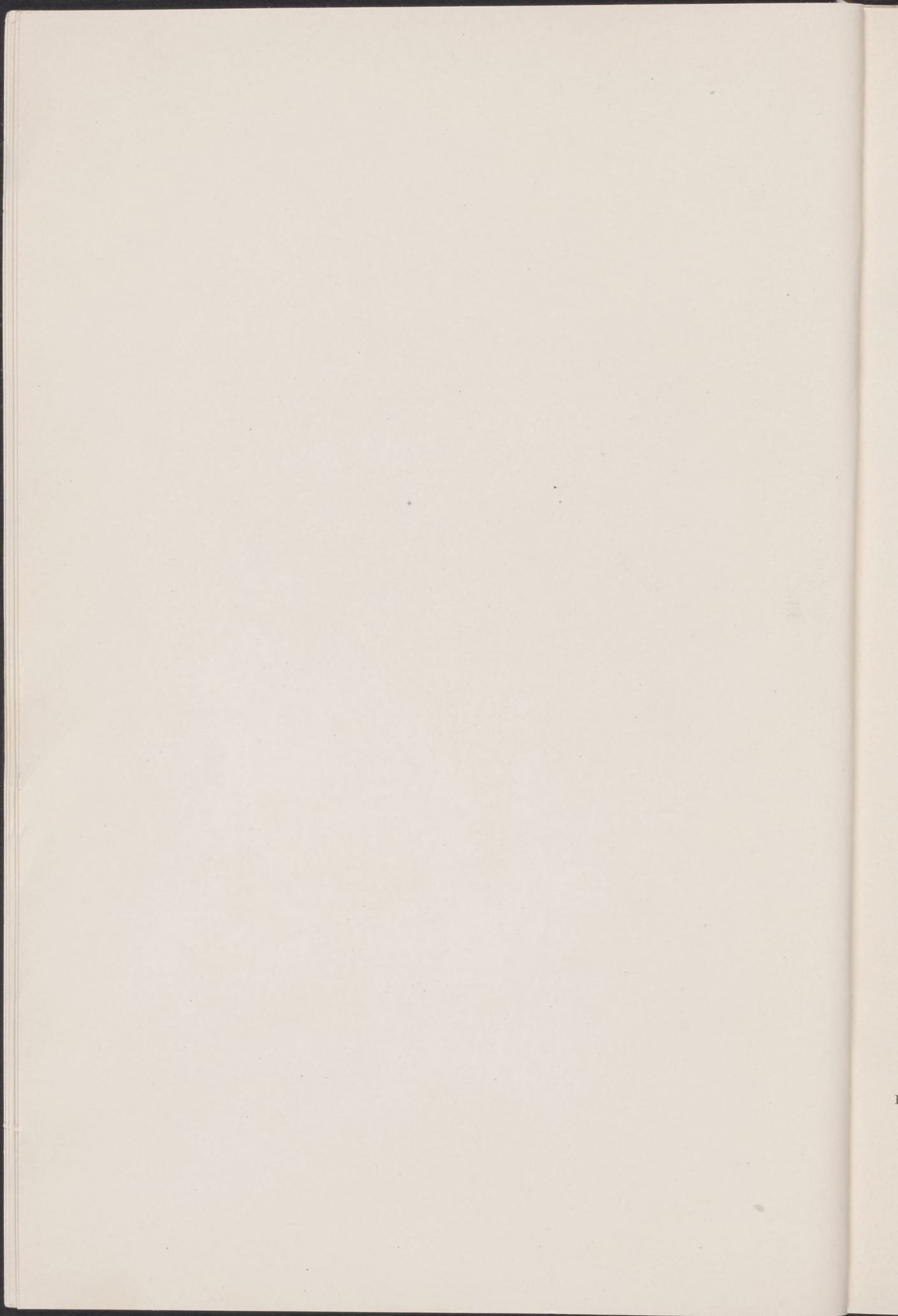
- WALTER O. SMITH, Principal. Ph. B., University of California, 1895
Graduate Work, 1896-97.
Civics, Mathematics.
- MISS NINA L. BEAUCHAMP, A. B., University of California, 1904.
Commercial Branches.
- MISS EMMA F. DANIEL, B. S., University of California, 1898.
Studied in University of California College of Medicine, 1898-99.
Science.
- MISS EMMA V. HESSE, B. S., University of California, 1910.
Mathematics, English.
- MISS CLARA A. McLAURIN, A. B., University of California, 1911.,
M. A., 1912.
History, English.
- MISS ALICE M. POLLAND, A. B., University of California, 1907.
Latin.
- MISS HELEN C. PRUTZMAN, A. B., University of California, 1902.
Graduate Work, 1905. Cogswell Polytechnic College, 1907-8.
English, Vocal Music.
- MISS FLORENCE ROBERTSON, B. S., University of California, 1906.
Studied in Europe 1910-11.
Mathematics, History.
- MISS ELSA SCHLUCKEBIER, B. L., University of California, 1907.
M. L., 1908.
German, Drawing.
- MISS ELIZABETH SHAW, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.
Domestic Science.
- A. B. WAY, Ph. B., Ottawa University, 1897, A. M., 1905. Heald's
Business College, 1900. A. B., Stanford University, 1904.
Commercial Branches.
- HENRY N. YOUNG, B. S., University of California, 1911.
Science, Drawing.



Graduates



VELMA L. BENSON
FRANCES LESLIE BROWN
ALICE E. CANEVASCINI
CHARLOTTE CHAMBERLIN
RANDOLPH ARTHUR CHRISTIE
JACK A. CLINE
IVA MARIE DOSS
EMILY A. FILIPPINI
ETHEL RUTH HALL
SIDNA M. HELLMANN
EDNA KENDALL
THELMA KENDALL
GENEVIEVE D. LUFF
HAROLD MADISON
CLARA A. MEEKS
LEOLEON MILLINGTON
GENEVIEVE G. MOTT
RAYMOND L. MURPHY
MARION ORR
HAROLD H. PECK
ALICE M. SILVA
HATTIE M. SMITH
MARIE E. TAGLIAFERRI
NORMA LAURETTA VAN MARTER





VELMA BENSON
 "A rosebud set with little
 willful thorns."



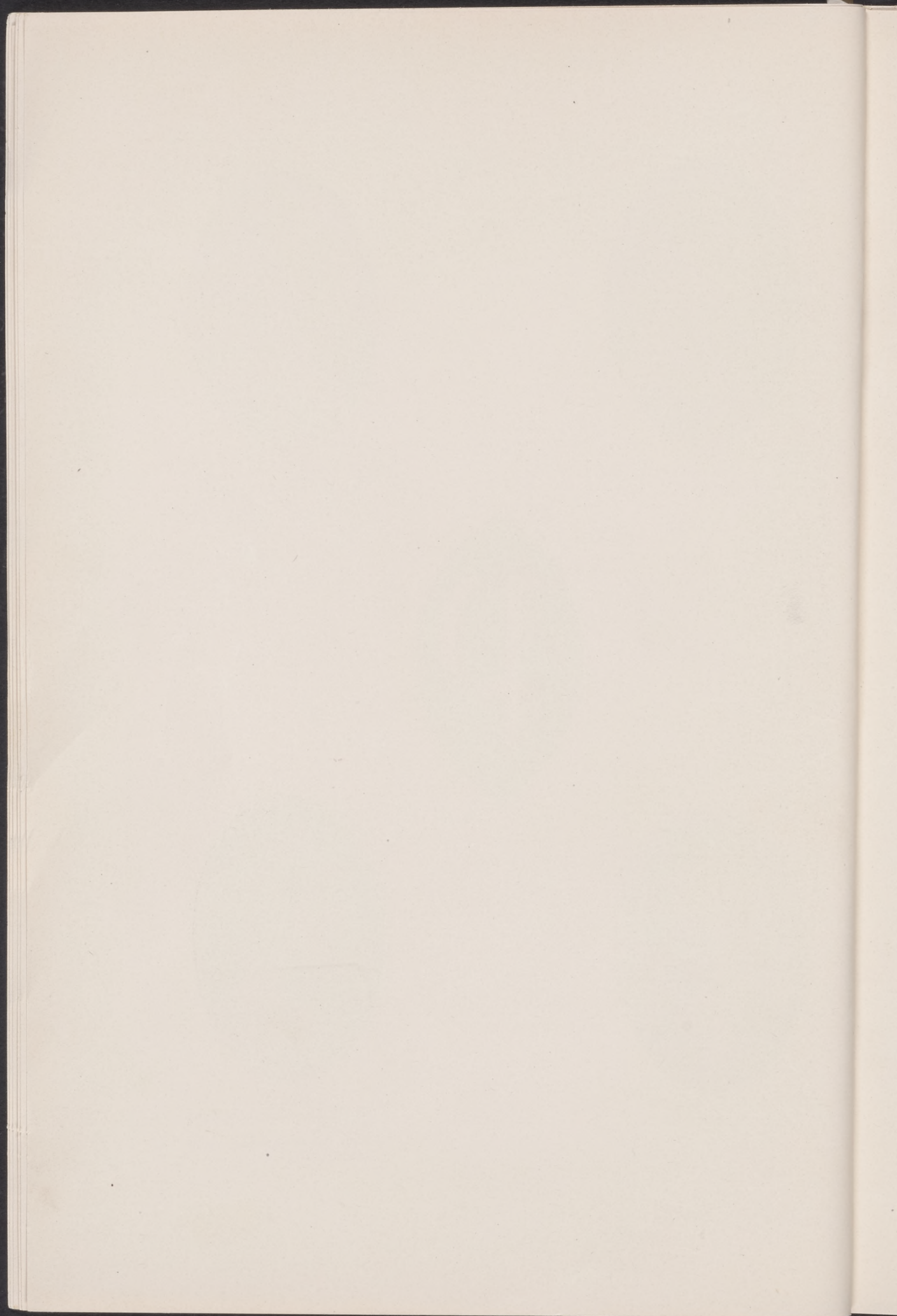
FRANCES BROWN
 "She excels each mortal
 thing
 Upon the dull earth dwell-
 ing."



RANDOLPH CHRISTIE
 "Better once than never."



ALICE CANEVASCINI
 "Round her eyes her tress-
 ess fell,
 Which were blackest none
 could tell."





CHARLOTTE CHAMBERLIN
"When unadorned, adorned
the most."



IVA DOSS
"On hospitable thoughts in-
tent."



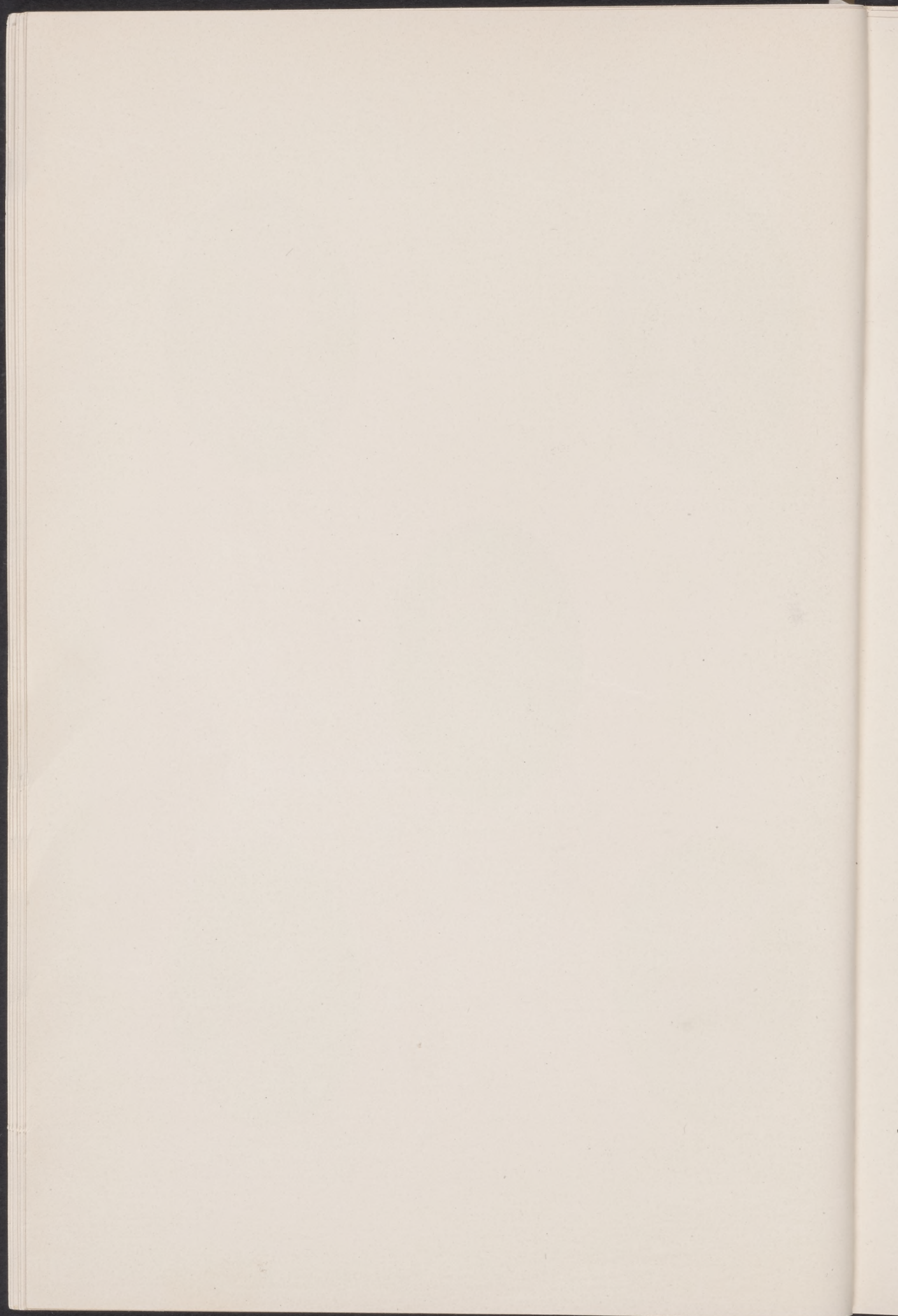
JACK CLINE
"Vociferated logic kills me
quite."



ETHEL HALL
"She was the sweet majoram
of the salad, or, rather, the
herb of grace."



EMILY FILLIPPINI
"Sweet as the Primrose
peeps beneath the thorn."





SIDNA HELLMANN

"My library
Was dukedom enough."



EDNA KENDALL

"A contented spirit is the
sweetness of existence."



HAROLD MADISON

"The most profound joy
has more of gravity than
gayety in it."



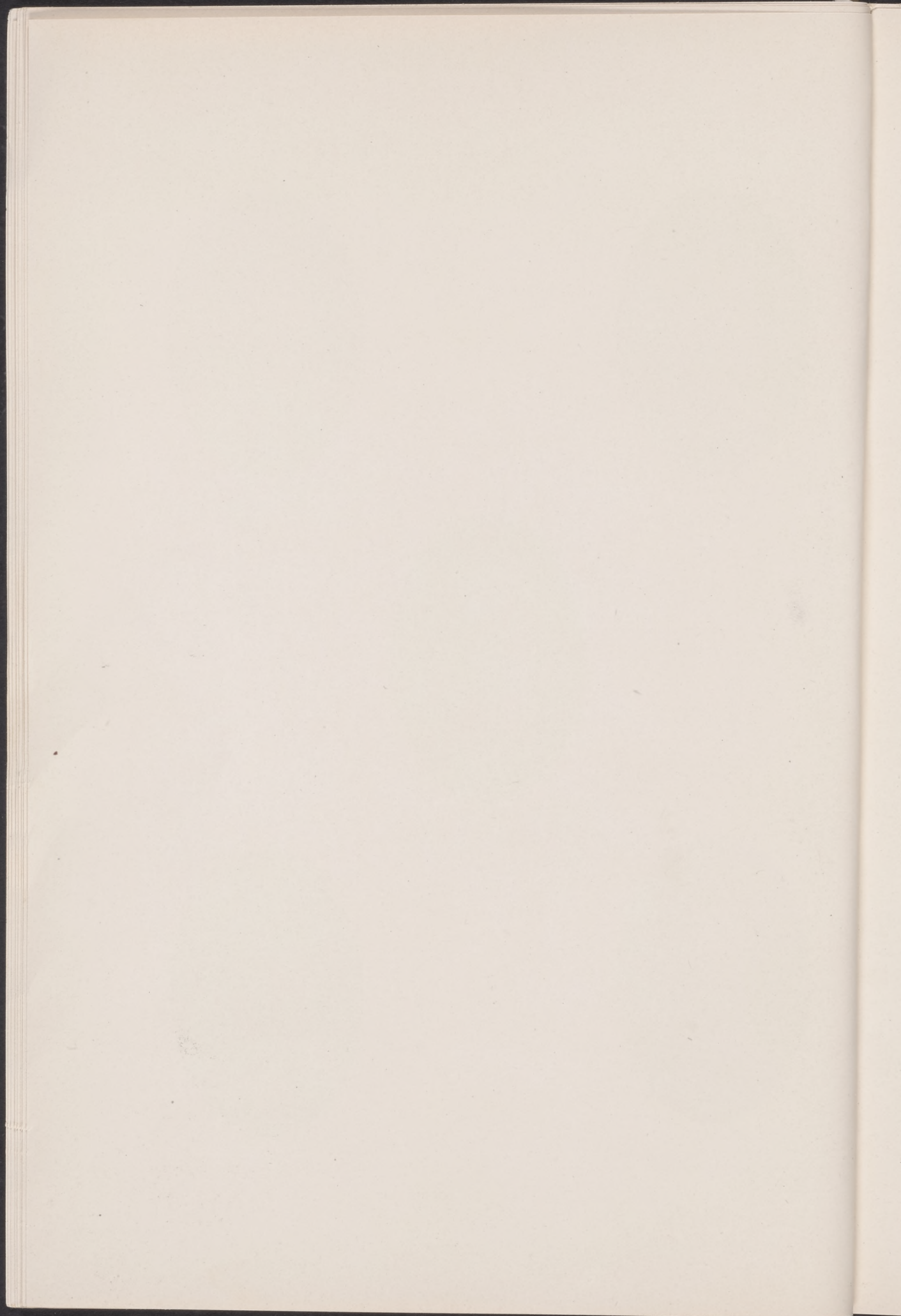
THELMA KENDALL

"She was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never
vary."



GENEVIEVE LUFF

"But to see her was to love
her."





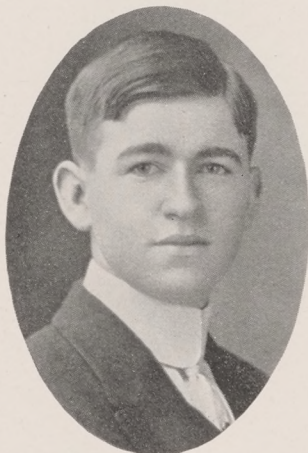
CLARA MEEKS

"The mirth and fun grew
fast and furious."



GENEVIEVE MOTT

"All the vision of her soul is
mirrored in her radiant
face."



RAY MURPHY

"What I think, I utter."



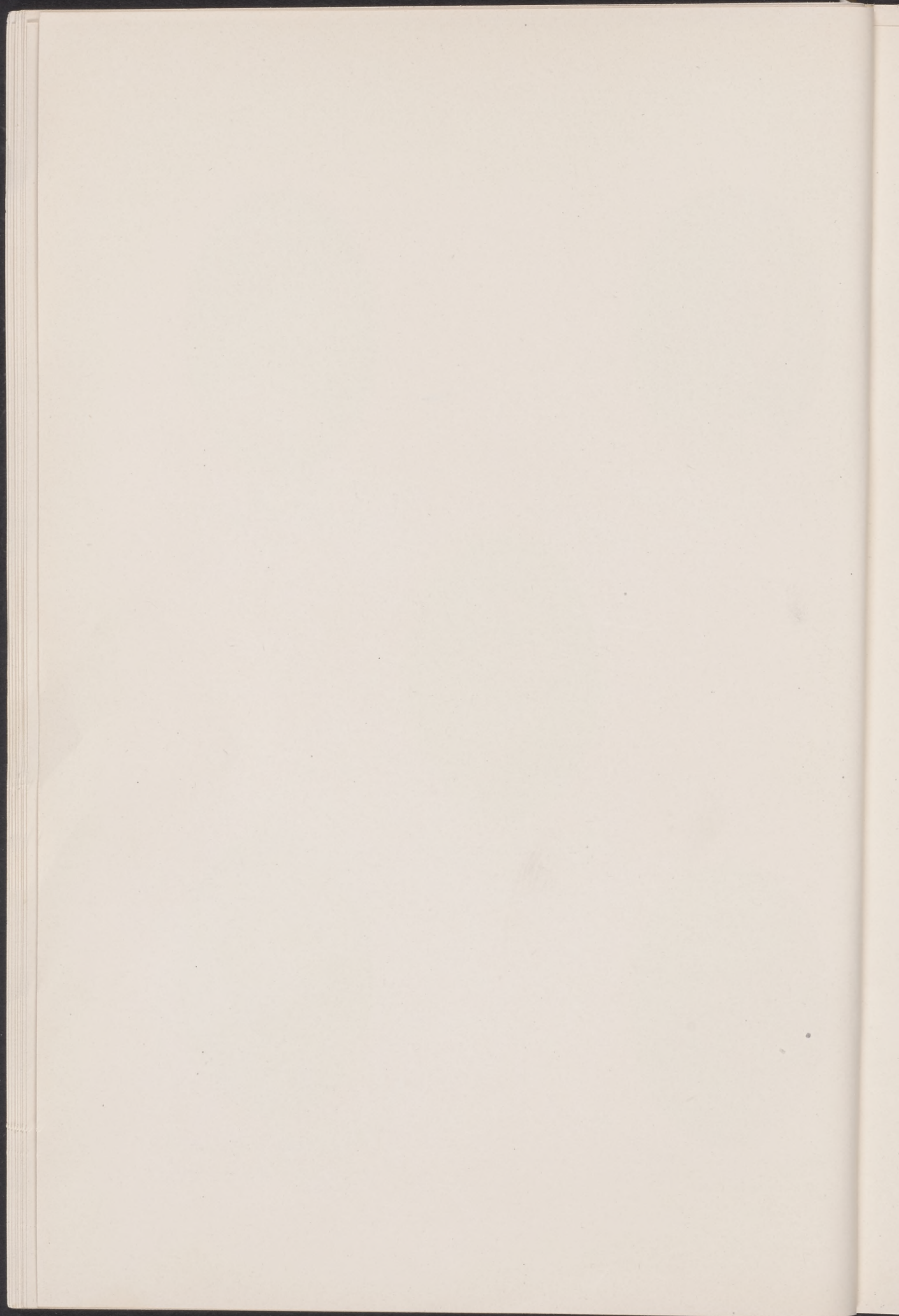
LEOLEON MILLINGTON

"The sweetest garland to
the sweetest maid."



MARION ORR

"The pouring music, soft
and strong,
Some God within her soul
has lit."





HATTIE SMITH

"Modesty seldom resides in
a breast that is not enrich-
ed with nobler virtues."



ALICE SILVA

"In thy heart the dew of
youth,
On thy lips the smile of
truth."



HAROLD PECK

"In action faithful and in
honor clear."



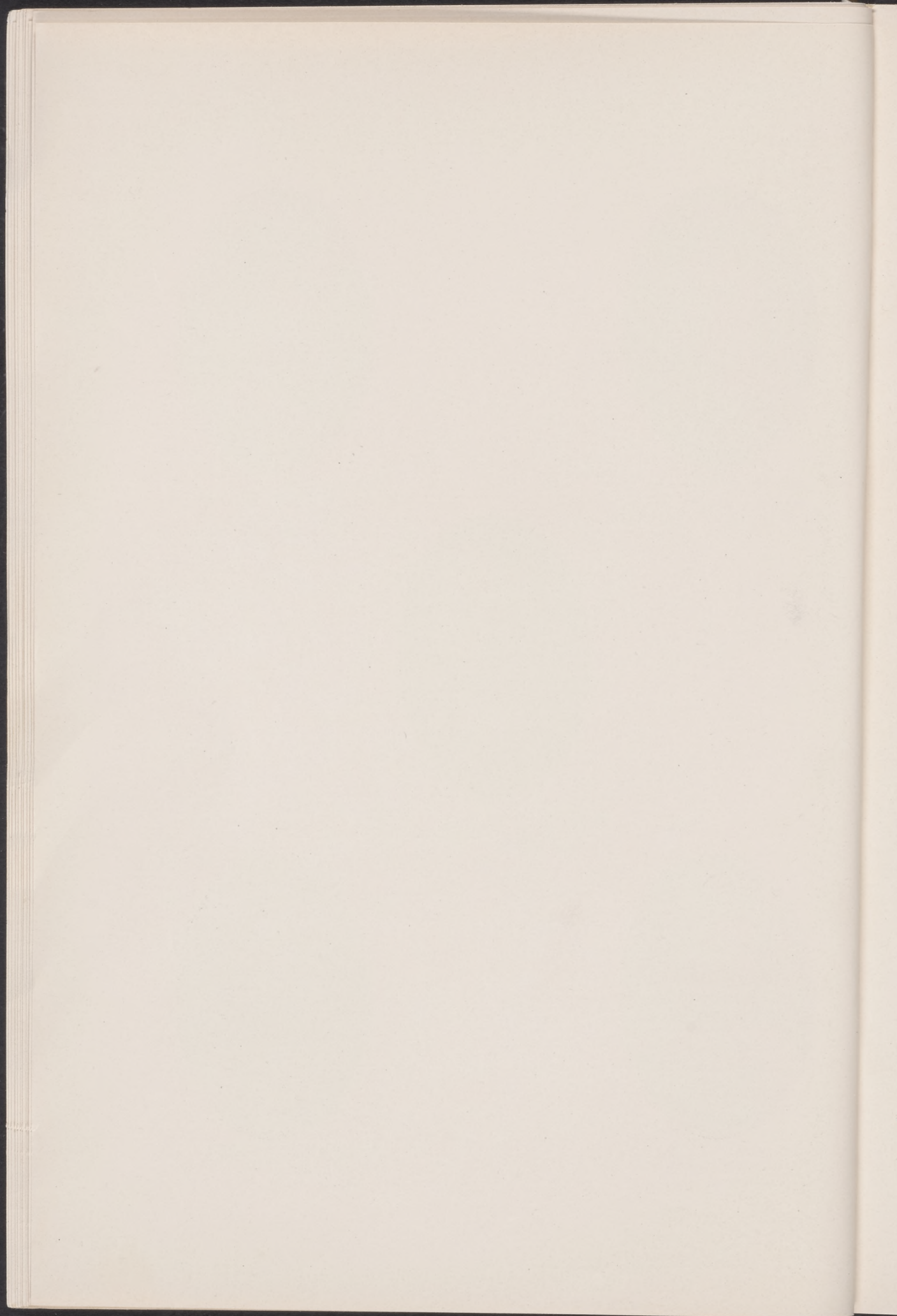
MARIE TAGLIAFERRI

"A fellow-feeling makes
one wondrous kind."



NORMA VAN MARTER

"As merry as the day is
long."



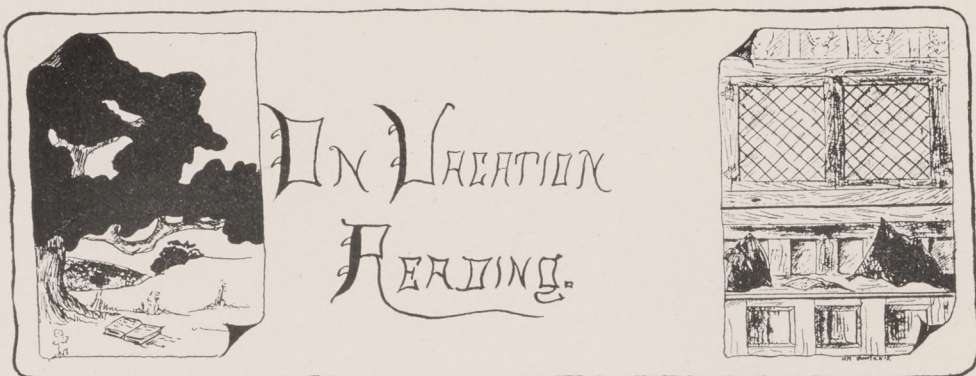
To the Class of 1913 on Their Graduation



Today, each in his white-sailed barque,
We cross the bar of Opportunity
And steer across the boundless sea of Life.
Behind us lies our Childhood's quiet haven;
And as the mists enfold the receding shores,
So Life's events shall dim these joyous hours
Till all shall fade into the Past, and there remain
A treasured memory, a happy dream.
Though reef and rock shall bar our pathless course,
Yet ever, far beyond, we see the sunlit Shore.
And hear! From o'er the sea of Life
There sounds the stirring call, "Be strong! Be true!
Fearlessly play thy part in the world's great work!"
Then call, O Sea, and though they secret yet unfolded lie,
We'll follow the far horizon, facing the sunset glow.

Literary





UMMER is coming! Summer is coming!" Away back in March, on one of those days when the wind rattled the shutters, and whooped around the corner of the house, and blew soot down the stove pipe, and tweaked your hat over one ear as you struggled home from school against it—at the close of such a day a plump, red throated linnet perched on an apricot twig by the window insisted loudly upon it, in defiance of the gust that rocked his slender foothold.

It sounded decidedly optimistic then, and so it was, but it was true. For a time the roofs were white in the mornings and every blade of grass wore fairy armor and the window panes were marvelously etched, but all the while the sap was rising and the buds were forming ready for a few days of warm sunshine to call them out.

And now, at last, summer is here—summer, with all its golden opportunities for doing the thousand and one things you have been saving up against just such a time; for fishing and sewing and burning holes in the carpet with chemicals; for seeing strange places and strange people; for renewing old friendships and making new ones; for following the inclination of the moment, with no unwelcome twinges of conscience. Then happy he who has a book and the will to read!

How many an adventure in contentment he may have and with what delightful guides. He needs very little in the way of baggage—an apple or two (in winter I should recommend popcorn) and, by way of a steamer rug, a stretch of good green grass (in dry weather and under a tree unbeloved of caterpillars). A turn of the leaf and he is off to whatever quarter of the globe he chooses. It may be only to saunter down the open road for a summer's afternoon, lured on by the sound of David Grayson's whistle. It may be to penetrate to the

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

heart of the jungle with Livingstone, or to glide down the Nile past the ruins of forgotten ages in Bayard Taylor's *dahabieh*. It may be to scale the icy summits of the Sierras with John Muir, or to crawl across the frozen fields of the south in Amundsen's dog sleds. It may be to visit Myra Kelly's little citizens in their Eastside schoolroom, or an Egyptian princess in her hanging gardens at Babylon.

But one would not travel always. Sometimes it is best to stay quietly at home and to call around us the familiar faces of old friends. I shall never forget three happy days during my college course when I was just sick enough to be kept indoors and not too sick to enjoy life. One by one the old companions came trooping out—Little Lord Fauntleroy and Sara Crewe, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, Budge and Toddy and a score of others. For three days college was forgotten and I reveled.

Neither would we be content with old friends alone, when new ones are beckoning to us from every book shelf. Isn't it wonderful that the most delightful people the world has ever known can be our comrades for the reading? Think of really being a friend of "gentle Will Shakespeare;" of sympathizing with every thought of that marvelous mind and with every throb of that great heart. One such friendship would surely make a life worth while. How few people we actually know of all our every day acquaintance. Doesn't it seem strange that these finer, stronger, wiser people take us into their very hearts? How would you like to tramp for a fortnight over the windy Cevennes with Stevenson (and Modestine), or to fish down some little river with Van Dyke? Nothing could be easier to arrange. Their personally conducted trips are open to all.

No less real and delightful are the friendships we may make with the dream people of fiction. How much of the joy of living one misses to whom Mr. Pickwick and Huckleberry Finn, Becky Sharp and Lorna Doone, Ramona and Jean Valjean are only names, or less than names, and not living, laughing, loving, suffering realities. Indeed they are a great deal more truly alive than our next door neighbors or ourselves, for they live on in the hearts of generation after generation.

The best part of it all is that the only condition imposed on us is one which we can all meet, the gift of appreciation, "the open mind

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and the open heart," as Ruskin puts it. Perhaps it will not spring full bloom at once; it needs cultivation to bring it to perfection, but if one desires it there is no possibility of failure.

It is a thousand pities that reading should ever seem hard work. Certainly vacatioin reading should be unadulterated pleasure. Put the dictionary and reference books aside for awhile, unless your interest sends you to them, (then, so much the better) and simply read and enjoy. As to choosing, if you are so fortunate as to be within reach of a library, indulge yourself in a good browse among the shelves, skimming a bit here and a snatch there, until the right book draws you as the iron filing is drawn by the magnet. If not, may Fate send the right book in your path.

I say "book" again and again, for the great danger of vacation reading is that it will be frittered away entirely on magazines. We couldn't do without the magazines; we must have them to keep abreast of the world of politics, of invention, of discovery. But the trouble is that too many of us slip lightly over these things and spend the most of the time on the stories. And magazine stories are, for the most part, (not all, mark you) like some waffles we bought once at the beach—burned at one end, raw at the other, deluged with sugar, and altogether a menace to digestion.

One who loves good books is armed *cap-a-pie* against the arch enemy of society, boredom. His mind is a gallery of pleasant pictures, a storehouse of entertaining thoughts. He has countless friends to turn to in every idle hour, and if an attack of the blues threatens, he has only to take a whiff of "Samivel Veller" and presto, change! the sun shines again.

Then

Ho for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out,
With the grene leues whisp'ring overhead,
Or the street cryes all about;
Where I may read, all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde,
For a jollie goode booke whereon to look
Is better to me than golde.

H. C. P.

Under the Cedars



HERE the moonbeams played brightest upon the old blockwood doorstep sat Johnny. His hands were clasped tight, his bare, sunbrowned feet pressed deep into the yielding dust, his eyes resting on a glimmer of light far across the fields—the party!

The door of the little log house stood open behind the boy, showing a bright patch of moonlight on the rag carpet, the scarlet corner of a colored tablecloth, and a bit of a chair; deeper in the shadows vague, ghost-like forms revealed themselves in hazy outlines. No human figure was within—only silence, blackness, shadows and that one spot of light.

It was on these vague forms that Johnny had turned his back. He was afraid—and he was wishing for that something the absence of which made the world seem so queer and lonely and the moonlight so cold and cheerless. Again he looked with sorrowing eyes across the fields, while in his throat there came a choking. He stirred uneasily.

Something which gleamed pearl-like in the night glow found its way down the boy's cheek. Slowly he turned his head toward the dumpy line of old cedars near the white fence, where a slight roughness in the earth showed new and fresh. The little form rose from the step, pattered through the few feet of dusty bareness and stepped into the dewladen grass.

He found the rough brown spot by the fence and sank there wearily. His eyes sought the scrawled wording of a penciled single which slanted awkwardly from the ground. The moonlight seemed to shine brightest on one word, "Tad." The tears came again, and this time his voice was choking. "I wisht—I had him again. He never ran off from me—"

A little sob, then silence. The eye-lids drooped, opened wide, then failed in their task. Slowly the head bent forward, inclining the body with it.

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The light in the distance flashed out. The frogs held their own for a while; then came the sound of plodding hoofs, the squeak of ungreased axles, human voices. Two figures showed in the moonlight and stopped a moment by the door. The man turned, started a bit, then stepped toward the gleaming fence and roughened patch of earth. He stooped and raised a drowsy form in his arms. When he returned to the doorstep he looked queerly at the woman awaiting him there.

"Guess we'll have to buy this kid a new pup," he said. "What's he see in dogs, anyhow?"

It was some twenty years later and a quiet August evening. There was a soft shimmer in the air that veiled the distant hills with a mellow haze. The sun had just gone to rest beyond the western horizon, leaving a golden glow behind it. Those distant hills were the same ones upon which the moonbeams had shone that night long before, when Johnny had lost his dearest friend—"Tad." A balmy wind came from the wood on the opposite bank of the stream, bringing the sweet odor of pines and the cool breath of damp nooks, and, as it passed along, ruffled the lily leaves on the banks until they showed their purple linings. It swept shadowy ripples through the long grass, and, in its passing softly caressed the fair brow of a young girl, who, standing by the side of her husband, was gazing with an enraptured look at the beautiful landscape before them, her blue eyes filled with a dreamy wonder.

Looking up she met the glance of her husband fixed intently on her.

"Well, dear," he said softly, "does it fulfill your expectation?"

"Ah," she breathed, "I did not realize—did not think that it could be one half so beautiful."

He smiled gently, and, taking her hand in his, pointed across the stream to the ruins of an old log-house.

"That was the home of my childhood," he said reverently, and turning his head toward the dumpy line of old cedars he added, "how well I remember the night that the moon shone for the first time on a little grave among those trees. The future was a blank to me then." His gaze returned to her face and he smiled dreamily as he softly said, "I did not realize what the future really held for me."

ALICE M. SILVA, '13.

School's Out

The school house is closed on the top of the hill,
School's Out.

The scholars have gone and the class rooms are still,
School's Out.

Today is the day for the which we have planned,
For which we have written, translated and scanned,
Today—yes, today we're a jolly young band;
School's Out.

Four years have gone by with their burden and care,
School's Out.

Four years, with their friendships and memories rare,
School's Out.

But why should we mourn when our labors are done?
Today is the time for the grandest of fun,
When care-free, light-hearted and happy we run;
School's Out.

No more will the gong call us in from our play,
School's Out.

To read or recite of the grave or the gay,
School's Out.

The course has been finished, the race has been run,
The text book is closed, a new life has begun;
For better or worse all our school days are done,
School's Out.

The records are closed, and whatever the grade,
School's Out.

A place in the world is what now must be made,
School's Out.

And this must be done by the hardest of work,
For none can succeed if he chooses to shirk,
Arise, e'en today—find your place—get to work:
School's Out.

A. B. WAY.

Dramatis Personae

Mademoiselle Helenovitch Clarissimo Prutzoschky	..Miss Prutzman
Prof. H. S. C. Peck Harold Peck
Madame Squallina Charlotte Chamberlin
The Latin Sharp Emily Filippini
Miss G. S. L. W. Mott Genevieve Mott
Ethelina Roll-em-eyes Haul Ethel Hall
Mademoiselle de Maupassant Iva Doss
Signor Caruso Pompadorini Jack Cline
Juliet Velma Benson
Captain Kidd Sidna Hellmann
Her Victim Hattie Smith
Squeakovitchky H. Meeks Clara Meeks
Genevieve Lovem Genevieve Luff
Madame Marionofsky Marion Orr
Sophronia Pipkins Edna Kendall
Maria Pippins Thelma Kendall
Sweet Alice Alice Canevascini
Siamese Twins { .. Harold Madison Alice Silva
Mellins Food Baby Randolph Christie
Dancing Trio:	
Fraulein Katrina Schnickelfritz Norma Van Marter
Mademoiselle Aimee Rene Marie Tagliaferri
Mademoiselle Natomavosky Pavloa Leoleon Millington
Pat O'Shaughnessy Ray Murphy
Bonnie Jean Frances Brown
Attendants:	
Napoleon Mr. Young
Abijah Mr. Way
Captain John Smith, Chief Executioner of the Board of Censorship.—Mr. Smith.	

Mademoiselle Helenovitch Clarissimo Prutzoschky's Wax Works

Foreword:—The owners of the names that have been rendered immortal in this addition to the world's best literature will please remove all chips from their shoulders and carefully deposit all feelings in their inside pockets before reading.

Scene 1.

Enter Mademoiselle Prutzoschky

Ladies and Gentlemen—You are all such an intellectual looking bunch that I am sure you will enjoy my imported wax figures to the extent of busting several tucks. They are the finished product of that bunch of omnivorous sharks better known as the Faculty. They were subjected to the galling grind of four years of hard graft and here I display to you the pathetic result. Let us prepare to drop the flowing tear. (Here Abijah, pick it up.) The first of my collection is the noted Professor Harold Sousa Caruso Peck. (Napoleon and Abi, bring him on.)

This handsome doll was one of the standbys in Alexander's Rag-time Band, and has been unanimously chosen wielder of the big stick. His pretty plump checks have been acquired by long and faithful practice on the cornet. He has been known to blow so hard that he busted his forth suspender button. Off with him Nap. ,

My next creation is the famous Madame Squallina. Behold her Psyche knot! (Excuse me! she left it home to-day) and the ecstatic smile that won't wear off. Both are signs of a great genius. Madame Squallina's name comes from "squa" meaning to sing, and "lena," cannot. Her singing is world famous (extends from here to Hill Plaza) and at times she has been known to awaken even Carter Phair by her wild bird-like tones. I perceive by the expression of her face that she is about to indulge in one of her emotional out-breaks. Do not be alarmed, however, she is fully insured.

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

Aha! the Latin sharp! Bring her on, my little Abi! Poor thing she's a little off, but she can't help it. It's the effect of too much Latin. List to her wild ravings,—She's after poor Cataline's scalp. Pinch her, Napoleon! Hear her, "Pax-vo-bis-cum, Pax-vo-bis-cum."

Let a mystic stillness pervade the audience. Prepare for the worst! You are now to be glorified by a vision of lovely dreaminess in the form of northern California's next-to-the-youngest poetess, Genevieve Snowdrop Lord Wellington Mott! Her effusions would move Prof. Smith's automobile, and her limericks would inspire the risibility of a Jersey Cow. Wind her up, Abijah! Now she's off.

"Paul Sales has a classy cap,
Wonder where he got it at!"

Mrs. Napoleon, Mrs. Abijah! beware of this next great, big, beautiful doll! she's a heart-smasher. Attendants, keep your eyes firmly fixed on the floor. Ethelina Roll-em-eyes Haul has discovered the ideal way to draw-viz: with her eyes,—no need for the pencil. There, turn her toward the wall, Abijah, so that she can't bewitch the audience.

My next creation will be pleasing to one and all,—the world famous culinary artiste, Mademoiselle Fifi deMaupassant—"Mop" for short. This delicate young hash-slinger has astounded the whole Christian Science Department with her concoctions, and has conquered the whole masculine sex with her digestion-destroying dainties. She will now distribute samples of her deadly work. Sling 'em a doughnut, Mop! Look-out Napoleon, you're young and delicate. If it hits you, you're a dead one!

Behold! Gaze! Admire! The celebrated Signor Caruso Pompadorini. Prepare to weep at his dulcet tones! Fortunately he's deaf and can't hear his own mournful music, for if he could he'd melt and trickle away through a crack in the floor. Notice the luxuriant growth of hair flowing in either direction from his noble brow—the result of four years of careful training. Hence the name—Pompadorini. He's off—remove him quick!

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Bring on the next! Handle with care, Napoleon. She has had a sad history! Poor Juliet was wandering innocently and single-heartedly along through the four years of this life when all at once she was overtaken by a little Sophomore, Romeo, and she's been walking in double harness ever since. The poor girl is not responsible. Pass the mush, please!

Bring on Captain Kidd and his victim. The little doll was a perfectly harmless porch-occupant until I appointed her Chief Custodian of the Archives of the Past (contained on three shelves in Room 1.) Since then she has been a rampant pirate and has been hunting her poor victims to the earth. This innocent creature was so rash as to put down the wrong date and the Captain has condemned her to a bookless life. (Start the Flower Song, Abijah.)

You can hear my next doll long before your eyes light on her. Don't be alarmed, friends—it isn't a steam calliope, it's only Squeak-ovitchky Holler-lauder Meeks. Her lung power is exceeded only by her chemical knowledge. She is the famous inventor of laughing-gas, the chemical reaction of which causes her frequent spasmodic convulsions.

Her partner in chemical rascality is the genial Genevieve Lovem. Trot her out, boys! She it was who perpetrated that bum joke on the public, hydrogen sulphide, and there has been a warrant out for her arrest ever since. No use to throw eggs—she'll not notice them.

The feminine Paderewski, Madame Marionofsky, will now be led in, and she'll beat the pie out of this specially-imported baby grand. She has the record for busting pianos, does 'em beyond repair. She will now render "The Dead March from Saul" for your excruciation. —She's through now. Remove the remnants, boys.

Our latest species of suffragette, "the girls with the pick!" Sophronia and Maria Pipkins, by gosh! I'll be gol durned if I ain't tickled to see you lookin' so spry! How's the spud crop? They have devoted their lives to studying the whichness of the why of the Big

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

Horse Bean, under Prof. Napoleon Young, whom you see before you.

You've all heard of the sad fate of Sweet Alice. We've resurrected her especially for this occasion. Abijah, sing the little ditty for the audience.

"O, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Bernhard!

Sweet Alice whose hair was so black—

Who grinned when you smirked,

And who wept when you ragged,

And whose heart you so cruelly racked?"

Our next exhibits I fear you'll have to bring on together, attendants. They are the famous inseparable Siamese twins. They fell into this deplorable state while Freshmen and the constant necessity of sitting in a narrow window-seat did not improve their condition.

Will you carry in our little Mellin's Food Baby, Abijah! Don't forget his soother. Isn't he sweet and kissable? Whenever he appears, I have great difficulty in keeping the ladies in the audience from petting him. Don't quarrel over him, girls—he's already taken.

I will next present to you the famous Interpretive Dancing Trio Fraulein Katrina Schnickelfritz von Deutschland, Mademoiselle Marie Aimee Rene, and Mademoiselle Natomavosky Pavloa. These cute little air kickers are all afflicted with the contagious disease known as fetus-toobigus. Otherwise they are some dancers. The Russian artist, "Pavy," is the favored one, as there is always a delivery wagon waiting at the stage door for her. Fraulein Katrina is always sure of one in the audience in the person of tow-headed gentleman from Corona, who has a bad habit of sitting in the front row and throwing cabbages. Our French creation can interpret anything from an experiment in Chemistry to a chapter in Caesar. We unfortunately can't have a performance to-day because the weather has affected their joints.

We regret to report, kind friends, that our next specimen, Pat O'Shaughnessy is so badly cracked that he is unfit for exhibition. He

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entered this museum in none too good a state and after four years of constant application under the aforementioned omnivorous sharks, he has become a total wreck, so you'll pardon his non appearance.

Our choicest production, like all good things, has been left to the last. Gaze upon the perfect creation of my art, Bonnie Jean, my winsome Scotch lassie. This wonder child has been raised on porridge—can't you see it sticking out of her pink cheeks and flaxen locks? The infant prodigy is the only one of the collection who has come out with brain unscratched and full capacity from the afore-said galling administration.

“Pick her up tenderly, handle with care,
Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair.”

Enter Captain John Smith, Chief Executioner of the Board of Censorship:—

I hereby call this show off on account of its low moral tone, misrepresentation of facts, malicious defamation of character, and unprincipled defrauding of an unsuspecting public. Also because you said mean things about my automobile. Napoleon and Abijah, it grieves me to see you mixed up in such a cheap show. Back to the farm, Napoleon. To the red ink slinger's union with you, Abijah! And you, Helenovitch, had better get another bunch of exhibits together that will not come under the Censor's hammer. Avaunt, villains!

(Great cracks appear in fast melting figures, and groans of relief from the deluded audience fill the air. Napoleon, Abijah, and Mademoiselle Prutzoschsky slink off to slow music, leaving Captain John in striking pose before an admiring public as complete master of the situation.

By an observer of fads and fancies



Glimpses Over the Southern Wall



FEW of us realize what an interesting neighbor we have south of us. When one speaks of Mexico, we immediately picture a land of sunshine and flowers and quaint natives. But it is more than this—this old, picturesque country, so foreign to our own.

Mexico City is very cosmopolitan, nearly all foreign countries being represented there. These foreigners usually live in separate colonies and many of their customs have been adopted.

Class distinction among the Mexican people is very marked, and the contrast is great between the high, or educated class, and the lowest, or uneducated class, the peons, who are for the most part Indians and exceedingly ignorant. Nevertheless, this element in the population is the most interesting. They live in small adobe huts, usually with thatched roofs, built in a crude way, by themselves. In the larger cities these are often huddled on any vacant lot, sometimes against the most distinguished looking residence. A happy family of dogs, cats, pigs, chickens, parrots and babies swarms over the premises with cheerful indifference to their lofty neighbors.

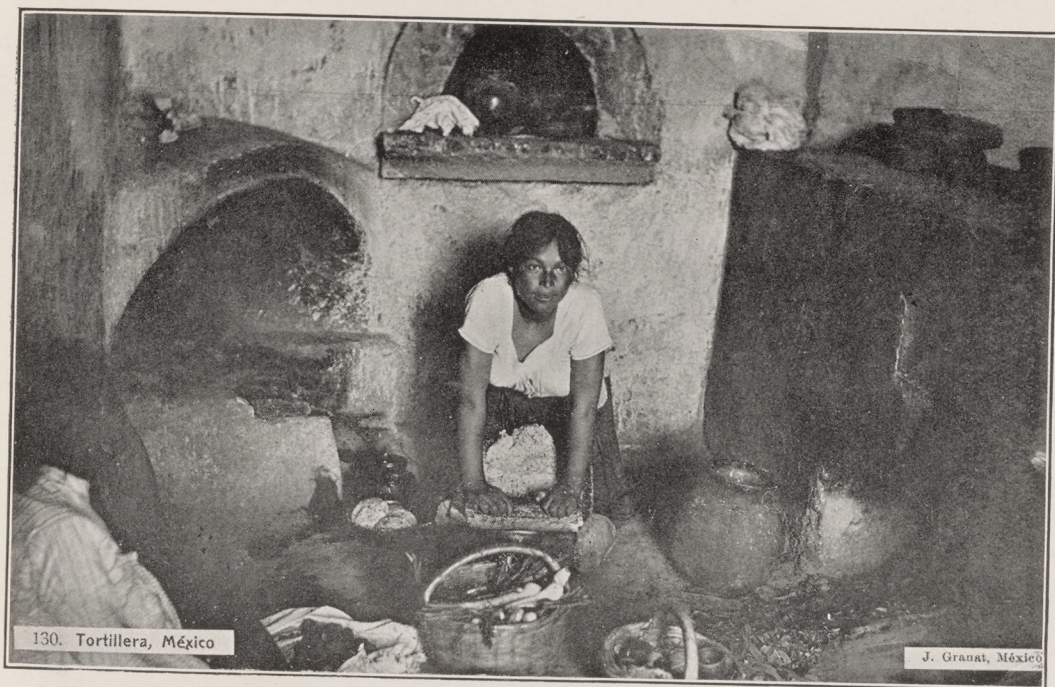
It costs these extremely poor people very little to live, as their chief food consists of *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and rice; all of which are highly seasoned with chili peppers. The preparation of the *tortillas*, by the way, is an interesting process. They are made from finely ground corn mixed with enough water to make a stiff dough, which is then rolled to a smooth paste, artistically patted to an extremely thin cake, and baked on a *brasero*, or open charcoal brazier.

Clothing is necessarily simple and scanty, but this does not prevent a great display of bright colors, which do not always harmonize, but of which the peons are extremely fond. The women are seldom seen wearing hats. Their headdress is a long, usually black, *rebosa* or scarf, which also serves to tie their babies to their backs.

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The Mexican people of all classes, excepting perhaps the lowest Indians, are extremely fond of wearing mourning, the whole family even to the smallest child, wearing it in memory of the most distant relative. The women wear a great deal of heavy crepe, sometimes having whole costumes of it.

The peons are a despondent people and any misfortune makes them very gloomy. This very often leads them to drink *pulque*, an intoxicating drink made from a liquid found in the heart of the Ma-guey plant.



Making Tortillas

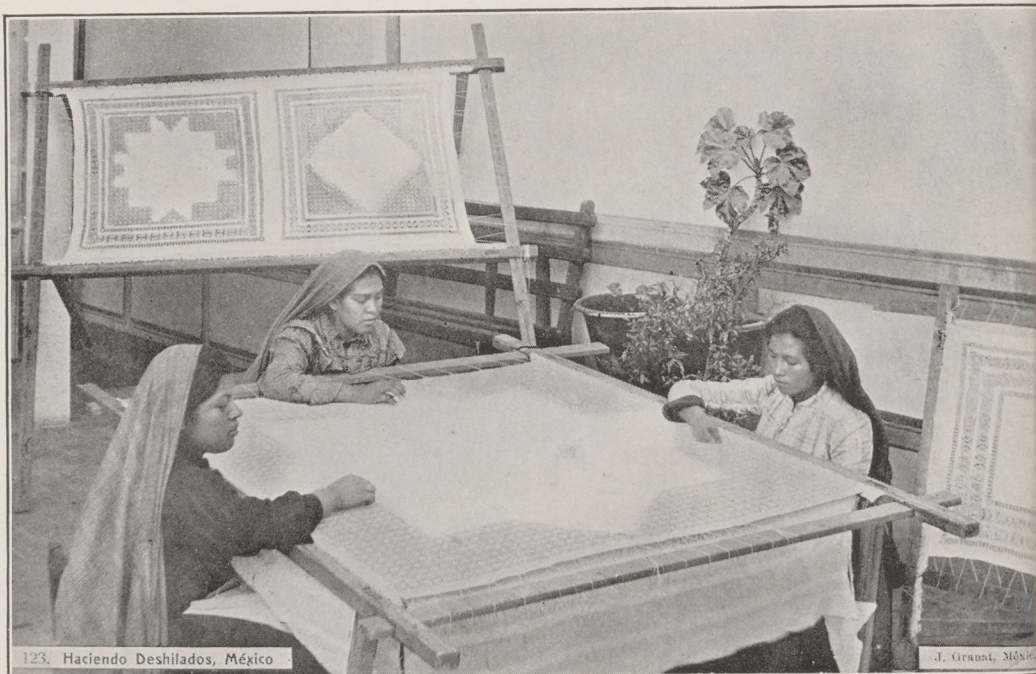
These peons are natural artists and the pretty baskets and pottery, from the largest to the most minute, show unexpected skill and delight the tourist. The women excel in needlework and their drawn work is known throughout the world.

The chief amusements of the middle and lower class Mexicans are the bull and cock fights, which are most exciting. The bull fight

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is now more popular than the cock fight, which seems to be losing favor except in the pueblos, or villages. When attending the bull fights, the people often become so excited that they forget themselves and shouting "Bravo!" throw coins and even their hats and coats into the ring. They are educated to this amusement, as one may see even the smallest children attending these fights.

The Spanish language is spoken throughout the Republic of Mexico. However it is not the true Castilian, and that spoken by the lower classes might be termed a dialect. They have many accompany-



Making Drawnwork

ing gestures; for instance, a shrug of the shoulders which may express a whole volume. It is a funny sight to see a Mexican conversing over the telephone, as he never forgets the accustomed gesticulations.

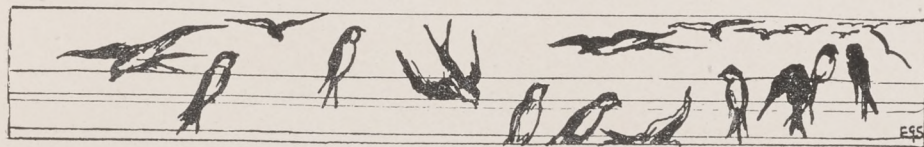
There are many interesting cathedrals and monasteries throughout the country. The monasteries are nearly all in ruins now, but

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the cathedrals are well preserved and many of them which are hundreds of years old are still being used as places of worship. The Grand Cathedral of Mexico City is one of the largest cathedrals in North America. The first stone was laid in the year 1573. There are many beautiful altars, each having its own history; also many wonderful paintings covering the walls. One of these is a magnificent life-sized composition representing Christ upon the cross. It is said to have been painted before Columbus discovered America and was a gift from the Pope some forty years ago. The paintings in the central dome were executed by an artist sent over from Rome in the sixteenth century.

The patron saint of Mexico is the Virgin of Guadalupe. A beautiful cathedral has been erected to her memory in a small suburb of Mexico City, which bears her name. It is particularly interesting on account of the legend connected with it. This tells how the Virgin of Guadalupe appeared early one morning to an Indian on his way to mass. She declared herself the patron saint of the country and ordered that a cathedral be erected at the foot of the hill. The Indian reported this and later visions to the Bishop, who still refused to believe his story. Finally the Indian told the Virgin that the Bishop wanted some proof that this story was true; so she left some roses and told him to gather them up and take them to the Bishop. When he unrolled his blanket before the Bishop, to display the miraculous flowers, he found painted upon it by another miracle a portrait of the Virgin clothed in a gorgeous cloak of blue velvet covered with stars of gold. It is still to be seen in the church enclosed in a rich frame of gold inlaid with a diadem of gold and precious gems. The town of Guadalupe with its many points of interest is a place always visited by the tourist.

MARION ORR, '13.



For The Sake of His Name

The sun was shining brightly on that calm June morning, and his beams, which had already cleared the valley, were driving the heavy mists up the thickly wooded mountain sides. Everything in nature seemed bright and merry, but there was a stir and a bustle in the village which showed that trouble was coming, and that people were uneasy. The old men of the village stood in groups at the corners and talked in excited voices, while the young men in gray uniforms were rushing here and there. It was not hard to find out what the trouble was. A message had just come from the front that the Yankees were advancing. The militia must go out and join with the Southern army, which was approaching from the Southwest, and fight the Union troops.

While this excitement was going on in the village, an old soldier sat in a room of his plantation home, discussing the war news with some old friends. He had been a general in the War of 1812 and had gained the greatest distinction, but he was now too old to answer the call and the younger men must be sent in his place. Whenever his glance would fall on the pictures of the broad shouldered young soldiers on the wall, his face would brighten. There, beside his own, was a picture of his father, who had been a noted leader in the Revolution.

As the old comrades talked, they were suddenly startled by the sharp notes of a bugle, which rang through the rooms; the door was thrown open and a young man sprang lightly in. His face was dark and handsome, and a mass of black, curly hair was brushed back from his wide forehead. When the company had been organized he had been made captain by unanimous vote.

The father rose to greet him, as did the other men, and a smile of pride overspread his face when he looked on his son and thought of the glory he would win in the war by his bravery. The son announced that they were to march in a few minutes, and, as he hastily buckled on the sword, the father watched him fondly. Then he seized him by the hand and pointed to the pictures on the wall, saying, "My son, remember your name and bring honor to it." Then

they parted and the son marched away at the head of his company, while the father watched him proudly from the window.

After joining the army, they moved on to meet the enemy and about one o'clock they met the front line of the Union forces in a forest. Neither side had time to prepare or retreat, so the attack was made at once. Until this time the old general's son had marched calmly at the head of his troop, but as soon as he saw the enemy, his dark face turned pale and his knees trembled. But he marched on. The bullets now began to fly thick around the men and many were falling in the front rank, but as one fell another took his place. The officers were standing in front of their companies shouting orders to their men, and encouraging them.

For a moment the young captain stood, his sword hanging loosely in his hand and his heart beating hard with terror. Then he turned and fled, unnoticed. He hid behind trees while passing his own friends, but as soon as he reached the open fields, terror lending him speed, he rushed to his own door. He threw it open and then closed it after him, bracing his back against it, fearing that he was being pursued. His eyes were starting from his head with fear and every limb was trembling.

At the sound of his entrance the old father turned in his chair. He saw his trembling son against the door. For a moment he was in doubt whether his son was wounded or had fled from the field, but only for a moment. He himself had been a soldier and had seen men like this before. His lips tightened and it seemed as if his face hardened. He slowly rose and pointed to the pictures on the wall and then to the battlefield and said, "Go back to the field and fight. Do not disgrace your name."

The only effect that these words had on his son was to make him fall on his knees, begging his father to let him stay. The order was repeated by the old general, but it was not obeyed. Then taking a revolver from the shelf by the window, he held it to the head of his crouching son and pulled the trigger. The expression on the boy's face changed from fear to agony. For a moment he clung to his father's knees and then fell lifeless on the floor.

The next day the body of the young man was found on the field of battle. His sword was in his hand and his face was turned toward the enemy. The family name lived on and the people of the village always point with pride to the beautiful tomb-stone and tell how he died for his country.

HAROLD PECK, '13

Continued in Their Next



UB plowed his way through the underbrush, skated gracefully over a patch of loose rock in the incline and landed over a small bank at the feet of a very amused young lady, whose scattered magazines showed her occupation. Tub scrambled to his feet mechanically reaching for his hat. Not finding it, he essayed a military salute.

"I-er- beg pardon," he stuttered, "you see I-er--just fell over the bank."

"I can hardly believe that," she answered, laughing. "Is it possible that you really fell?"

"No--er that's my special method of quick descent. My name's Norton," he volunteered, leaning over to pick up his hat, at the same time gingerly caressing a protesting shin bone. "I come from the camp at the springs; we just arrived last night."

"I realize that fact. My father has already had several complaints from your neighbor campers."

"Oh!" in protest, "We are in the mountains here. This is no summer resort. Surely some of our song——."

"People have ears even in the mountains."

"And tongues too——."

"Good morning, Mr. Norton," picking up her magazine.

"I—er say, we have a jolly little camp down there," he offered by way of conversation. "Yes, a jolly little camp," this lamely, but finding her unsympathetic he doffed his recovered head piece and wended his way camp-ward, resolving not to tell the fellows of his friend.

"Gee, actually a girl up in these mountains."

"Can she rag?" twanged a much abused guitar from camp.

"Hum, I wonder if she can," he mused.

"Been viewing nature?" broke in upon his tingling reveries.

"Man, nature never fussed him like that."

"Oh his rosy complexion!"

"What's her name?"

"She doesn't hail from the campers. There's nothing under forty here. Say, if you let that maid with the heavy burden of years fuss you like that, you deserve a ducking.

In the meantime Tub ate his meal in a semi-conscious state, oblivious to the gibes. Suddenly he addressed the chinese cook.

"Say, Charley, don't you need some eggs or milk? They furnish little things like that at the farm——."

A series of prolonged cat calls drowned his voice and red with wrath he strode from camp, his ears humming with,

"Tubby was his mamma's boy,

Sister's pet and papa's joy,

But woe to pet and joy and boy,

Without his egg in the morning."

Nevertheless five callow youths, their "roughin' it" clothes fairly screaming newness, presented themselves at the farm intermittently that day with an earnest desire to buy eggs.

The Indian woman who met them at the door treated them with shameful indifference and ignored their remarks on the weather, how the fish were biting and if hunting was good.

Meanwhile the sixth youth, his red neckerchief vieing in brilliance with his complexion, rowed down the lake, until, passing by a secluded cove, he drove in, beached his boat and prepared to fish.

Seated on an overhanging rock, he dangled his line aimlessly and thought of his morning's experience.

"Confound it! She must have thought me an awful elephant," he muttered. Suddenly his line drew taut and began to spin out, as the big trout raced madly away. His attention occupied, he did not notice a reflection which appeared in the water beside his own.

"Reel him in, he's coming back!" shouted in his ear. Tub whirled and beheld his vision of the morning.

"Look out, you'll lose him," she screamed, dancing perilously on the rock in her ecstasy of excitement. Tug manfully played his fish, then whirled him afloat and landed him in the lap of the girl, who had slipped up and sat down on the rock with a vehemence jarring to both back teeth and nerves.

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"An exciting reception," she remarked, eyeing him frigidly after the fish had been disposed of.

Tub, who had contemplated a flippant remark, was properly squelched and relapsed to apologies, his hand jerking spasmodically hat-ward, although that object lay rocking gently on the water some feet away.

"Do you know how I feel?" she retorted sharply, shaking out her wet skirt. "Will you row me back to camp?"

Tub was overjoyed to be useful, and finding him sufficiently humble, she unbent gradually and when camp was reached they were having a "corking time," as Tub would have expressed himself.

With exultant glee he paraded through camp and thoughtfully chose the longest way to the house. The boys were not in evidence, owing to the fact that they had retired to the tent at his approach and were working their knowledge of language overtime, relieving their feelings.

"Talk about monopolies; there's an example."

"Consolidation, seems to me."

"Solid, yes, in the head."

But Tub dwelt serenely in another atmosphere and gave his hostile fellow campers to understand they were not included. He swam, fished and hunted with his companion of the other world day after day, until the days stretched into weeks, and the time for his departure was drawing near.

They were resting their oars one evening after a hard row up the lake. Suddenly something struck Tub and he turned toward her with a face depicting pain.

What is it?" she asked concernedly.

"Something hit me," he said, trying to be witty.

"Hit you?"

"A thought, Gee, it was a hard one!"

"Oh!" relieved.

"I am going home tomorrow; going to leave before sunrise."

Silence, painful but expressive. The moon, rising slowly over the wall of mountains, looked down upon them inquiringly. They brought the boat to the landing in silence, and, from long practice, unconsciously took the most round about way to the house. He shook his head at her invitation to come in.

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"I have to help the boys scrape things together for an early start. I'll write as soon as I get back to school. Goodbye, Helen."

"Goodbye," she murmured.

"We've had an awfully jolly summer together—an awfully jolly summer." And the moon went behind a cloud.

* * * * *

"Hi—wait a minute Tub."

"Whatcher want? growled that young man, as he hiked hastily over the campus.

"Aw, quit your grouchin'. Say, are you going to the Junior dance tonight?"

"Maybe."

"Well, say, I've got a peach of a cousin, but she makes a party of three and you know that's an awful crowd sometimes."

"Is that right?" sarcastically, "I suppose I am to play cousin's right hand man."

"Well, yes, you know. Spruce around with her—an, you know how."

"All right, anything to be obliging."

That night Tub stood waiting for his chum and the peachy cousin, alternately resigning himself to his fate as chief entertainer and kicking himself over imaginary space. In the midst of these pleasant thoughts some one touched him on the shoulder.

"I say—this is my cou—."

"Helen!"

"You?"

"Oh, I didn't know you had met before," and to get out of a situation the other fled.

They stared at each other, then their gazes froze.

"You didn't answer my letter," accusingly.

"But you didn't write."

"I did. I wrote twice."

"The first must have been lost in the stage mails and I left before the second reached me."

Thereupon they both laughed as if at a joke and as the strains of an enticing waltz reached them, he swung her over the polished floor saying, "All's well that ends well."

SIDNA HELLMANN, '13.

The Fugitive



LOWLY the old river boat wound its way down the Mississippi River through wide fields of cotton, past quaint southern farm-houses. On the deck of the steamer were numerous slaves; some slept, others rolled lazily among the cotton bales, seemingly not minding the hot rays of the sun which beat down mercilessly upon them, for they were under no roof. The constant "swish! swish!" of the stern wheel was the only sound that broke the monotony of the day, accompanied now and then by the soft croon of a pickaninny, or the hoarse sound of the whistle announcing the approach to a town or other landing place. At each landing the slaves were carefully watched to make sure that none escaped.

As the day waned the refreshing breeze of evening replaced the sultry heat. The slaves woke from their drowsy attitude, and many told old folk stories or sang strange rambling songs.

The door of the cabin opened and out stepped a stout man of about forty. He was clean shaven, his mouth was large and heavy, his eyes were cold and he acted as if he felt everyone and everything in his power. Stepping up to a handsome quadroon, a boy about eighteen, he ordered him to his feet, with a brutal kick. The boy obeyed, but a shade of anger darkened his face, for he had taken an instant dislike to this new master, who showed the same dislike for him. Dick realized that he would never be happy with this man. The ambition of many a slave rose high within him, and he determined to escape, or die in the attempt. The blood flamed high in his face as he arose to do his master's bidding.

Night fell, and one by one the negroes fell asleep, curled upon the bales of cotton, but Dick did not sleep. His thoughts were far away. He pictured himself on the dancing waters of Lake Erie, the blue shores of Canada rising like a dream before his eyes. The moon shone through the tall sycamores, and as it hid itself from view behind a clump of trees, Dick rose to his feet.

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Again the moon gleamed through the shimmering leaves, and the river sparkled mirrorlike, save where a white path marked the course of the vessel. On the opposite bank were myriads of cypresses and palmettoes. Dick listened; not a sound but the "swish" of the wheel, the soft lapping of water, and the heavy breathing of the dusky crew about him. He arose and crept stealthily to the rail. His breath came in short gasps, and his heart beat so loudly that it seemed someone must hear it; but no, all were quiet. He mounted the rail, and poising aloft a moment leaped overboard. For an instant the cold waters closed over him, but he rose, and with all his strength made for the shore. He was hampered by the force of the current and the weight of his clothing, but managed to reach land.

Up the bank he clambered by means of an overhanging bough, just in time to see the steamer disappearing behind the trees. A dull despair seized him; he was alone on the edge of a desolate swamp. The plaintive call of a whippoorwill echoed through the dismal woods; Dick started, but he knew it was not the wild that he needed to fear. He knew that his disappearance would be discovered the next morning, and therefore a hiding place must be found. He could not hope to dry his clothes then, so started forth into the the darkness to find safety and, if possible, shelter from the cold.

Three days and nights had passed and the night of the fourth had arrived. Dick had neither eaten nor slept since the night of his escape. His face was haggard and worn, and his eyes gleamed with a wild despair. He sank down to rest at the foot of a tree and soon was lost in slumber. The night wore on, and as the gray shadows of morning appeared, Dick awoke with a start. A blood curdling bay accompanied by a chorus of snaps and angry snarls fell upon his ears. He jumped to his feet,—bloodhounds, and they were coming nearer and nearer every minute! He looked in every direction and instinctively turned and ran in the direction of the swamp, which was under water. He knew they had not seen him yet, for they were too far away, and the swamp was thickly wooded. He ran, he did not know how long nor how far. He imagined the hounds were close behind, and it seemed as if their hot breath were fanning his legs; to stop running would mean to sink into the soft, mushy ground. Finally the water reached his waist; his steps faltered, but to faint now

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meant death, so he plodded on, stopping now and then on a rise of ground to shake the mud from his feet.

Suddenly an idea came to him. Why not climb the tree ahead of him? The top was thick with leaves, and an excellent place for concealment. The hounds could not follow his trail in that part of the swamp, for he knew he had traveled several miles across land which was under water. He climbed up in the tree. The trunk was very broad and he found that he could safely lie down and be entirely concealed amid entwined branches and green leaves. He lay and listened; the faint "Yow-oo-" was dying slowly into an "00-00000-" and finally was lost to his hearing. He had evaded them once, but could he do so again? The only safe thing for him to do was to stay in hiding for weeks, and try to find enough wild berries, mint and roots to gratify his hunger.

About three weeks later a boy dragged himself to the door of a Tennessee farm house. He was a mere shadow of his former self; his heavy dark curls were matted and his feet were almost bare; One sleeve was out of his shirt, and his trousers were covered with mud. As he reached the top of the steps and knocked, his head swam and he fell in a dead faint across the threshold, just as the door opened. Dick had found friends, but he did not know it for some time. For weeks he lingered between life and death, his mind wandering; sometimes his delirium was such that he had to be held down. When he recovered his reason a kind motherly face was bending over him and busy hands were applying cool cloths to his feverish forehead. As his eyes opened she smiled; Dick started, but the lady told him to lie quiet, for he was perfectly safe while in her house, and Dick knew by her face that she meant it.

It was late one afternoon when two young men hurried on board a steamer which was sailing up the Mississippi River. One was tall and fair and had merry blue eyes; the other was about his height, but his face was thin, and pale, and his dark eyes were large and serious. The latter we know was Dick, and his merry companion was Edward Riley, the son of the woman who had cared for him. Both were well dressed. Dick attracted no more than ordinary notice; he could easily pass for a white, and, if he were thought a slave nothing would be thought of it when he was with a white man. Both

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ordered berths and immediately interested themselves with books, thus giving Dick a chance to avoid to a considerable extent the eyes of the people about him, and lessening the likelihood of his looking about him with an appearance of uneasiness, which would almost certainly result in his being identified.—

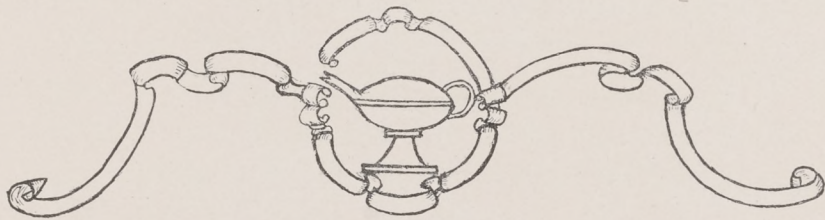
The wagon rattled noisily along the dusty road. Dick and his companion were seated on either side of the driver, whom they called Jonathan. "Mind thee takes good care of thyself, Jonathan," his wife Ruth had warned him as he had left home to make the twenty mile drive to Farmington, "thee will have ample time to reach thy brother Eli's before morning if thee hurry; the moon does not rise till one o'clock, so thy journey through the woods can be made by moonlight, but thee must make haste. God be with thee, Richard!" she called, as the wagon started on its journey, "and with thee also, Friend Edward!"

It was dawn when the three reached Farmington, and entered the home of brother Eli and his faithful wife, Rachael. There they spent the day within the house, and after dark started on the short four mile drive to Detroit. It was in the dead of the night that they entered the city. All was quiet as the old town clock tolled the hour of three.

They drove up to the brink of the Detroit River, where boatmen were waiting to take them across.

The boat pushed from the shore. The lights of Detroit grew hazier in the distance, and the pale moon shone down on the ripples, tipping their crests with silver. Dick turned his eyes in the direction they were sailing and there before him lay the land of his dreams; as he gazed a wave of relaxation swept over him, and a mist swam before his wondering eyes. "Edward!" he whispered, "Edward, I am free!"

HELEN MOTT, '14.



Toward the Sea

When morning dawns in cold gray mist,
 Upon yon mountain-side.
The cataract, leaping down the cliff,
 Pouring its silvery tide
Ever into that glancing stream
 That flows to the vast, calm sea,
Seems as the stream of Life to gleam;
 Sometimes subdued the stream will be,
Sometimes, enhanced by early beam,
 Will, glistening, hasten to the sea.


So is the stream of Life, that onward gleams,
 That ever plunges onward to the sea;
As new events develop force,
 The drop of Life, by added streams,
Grows, till no barrier stays its course.
 Gleaming, glancing in the beams
Of glowing joy, on, on, it goes,
 All unknowing what the end,
All unwitting what the close.

Who looks beneath the surface of the stream,
 Can oft see much besides a silvery glow,
The sunlight, with its outward glance and gleam,
 Not always lights the stream in depths below.
All life must have its shallows, as the stream,
 And in all life must some soft love-light show.
Who joys in deeps will often miss the shallows,
 And, as experience alone may know,
Life always has its sandbars, shoals, and narrows,
 We must learn ever, ever, as we go.

A vast, calm joy glows in the river's deeps,
 A glow of calm that very few may know.
Oh, wise is he who thro' long peril keeps
 In comradeship with that calm soul below.
And if it be that far, far greater deeps
 That sea, that vast Eternity, will show,
Toward which our Life's broad river sweeps.
 Then, ever, ever onward we will go.
We'll brave all perils, over-rush all steepes,
 And joyful, reach that sea in sunset glow.

MAY S. GREENWOOD, '17.

Grandmother's Return

 WAS one of Lowell's perfect days of June when a happy young girl tripped homeward along the daisy-bordered path by a country roadside. There were but two weeks remaining before Betty's graduation. She had completed her work, her commencement paper was finished and had been approved by the principal that very afternoon. For many weeks Betty's mind had been entirely occupied by these things, and now that all was done she felt that she could breathe freely and delight in the sunshine, as she had done before.

This delightful mood, however, did not last very long. She heard a loud "Honk, Honk" behind her and in an instant a large auto flew by. In the car were seated Grace Leffingwell, one of Betty's classmates, and her mother. Boxes and packages were piled about them and Grace was so busily talking that she did not see the simple girl in the gingham frock who stood, hat in hand, by the roadside. Betty's sensitive feelings were wounded. She remembered that Grace had been telling that morning of the arrival of her dress from the city "Oh," gasped Betty to herself. "I had almost forgotten about my dress. I wonder—wonder—"

Slowly, with her head slightly bowed, she walked on, thinking of what she had had little time to consider—her commencement dress. Reaching the gate of her simple home, she entered with unusual quiet. Almost unconsciously she sank down upon the grass under the large elm in the yard, two big tears glistening beneath her lashes. Betty was, for the first time in her whole life, so much absorbed in thoughts of herself that she did not hear the approach of her old grandfather.

"Why, Betty, what's the matter," asked the old man consolingly.

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"Oh, nothing, Grandy dear," Betty replied, trying pitifully to smile as she brushed away the tears. "Nothing at all. How are you feeling this afternoon,"

"I'm well enough, Betty, but all is not well with you. Didn't Mr. Lawrence like your paper? I'm sure it couldn't be better."

"Oh yes, he approved of my paper, Grandy, and I'm all through with that now," she returned, brightening.

"Well, tell me, Honey, the cause of those tears. Maybe I can—."

"Please don't," interrupted Betty, chokingly.

"Don't cry, but come over here to the porch and tell me what it is," said her grandfather, gently, but at the same time so earnestly that Betty knew further remonstrance would be useless. He sat in his old wicker arm chair and Betty on the steps by his side.

"Go on, Betty, tell me," he urged.

"I'm a selfish girl, Grandy, I know I am, but I did so want a dress like Grace's and Florence's and the rest. That's all, dear. You see I'm not nearly so good as you think. I'm awfully ashamed of my weakness, for I should be happy. See, here is a note from Mrs. Peterson saying that I may assume duties of governess for her two little boys as soon as I choose. Isn't that encouraging?"

"Yes, Betty, but that won't get you a new dress for the commencement."

"I know, Grandy, but I'll put some fresh ribbons on my old lawn and imagine it's as beautiful and new as the rest."

Later, while Betty was busy in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, her grandfather sat on the porch, musing. How very much Betty was like her grandmother at sixteen! Pictures of the golden past floated across his mind. He recalled the day when she had become his bride, beautiful, happy and simple, even in her exquisite bridal dress of white satin.

"Supper is all ready, Grandy," called Betty, running out on the porch, expecting to find him in the wicker chair.

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He was nowhere in sight. She hunted from place to place, calling, but received no reply. Then she ran upstairs to see if he were napping, as he often did. She found him in his room, seated before an old open trunk. Betty had never seen the contents, but knew it contained some relics of the past which were very dear to her grandfather.

"Tea is ready, Grandy dear," she ventured, meekly.

She was about to descend the stairs again when her grandfather called her back into the room.

"I've something to show you Betty," he explained, as she entered.

While speaking he tenderly lifted from the trunk a dress of white satin.

"Your grandmother wore this the day of our wedding, Betty" said the old man in quavering tones, "and I thought maybe you could fix it up some way for your commencement dress. Here in this bundle of tissue are the slippers."

"O Grandy, it would be a thousand pities for me to wear that beautiful dress which is so dear to you."

"But, Betty, I really want you to have it. If she were here it would be her wish I am sure, and I feel it a wrong to her precious memory to let this beautiful dress lie useless when you need and deserve it so much."

"You are the very dearest and best Grandy in the whole, wide world," cried Betty, clasping her arms about the old man's neck.

On the night of the commencement exercises Betty's grandfather sat proudly very close to the stage. When Betty stepped forward to deliver her valedictory, so radiant and beautiful, the old man forgot Betty, commencement and all. It seemed that she, who had been so long departed, had returned in the form of her youth,—the same sweet girl with jet black curls, simple, even in the satin dress.

ETHEL HALL, '13.

The Teacher



HE quiet of the school room was becoming oppressive. Tom wiggled about in his seat, heaved a mighty sigh which brought forth snickers from those about him, and having created a slight disturbance, settled down in his seat and began making paper wads. He soon had a goodly number arranged in a row across his desk, and picking up a particularly hard, round one, fitted it into his rubber and looked about him for a fly to shoot. There was a faint hum as a big one shot past him, buzzed about, and finally lit on the wall just to one side of the teacher's head. It was too good to miss. Tom hastily took aim and shot—from his front seat it should have been easy, but alas! There was a startled squeal, a convulsive giggle from the class and all was absolutely still.

The little teacher rose, eyes snapping angrily, one hand over her flushed cheek. "Who—who did that?"

The silence was unbroken; all eyes were on her save Tommy's. His were fastened guiltily on the row of wads across his desk. Miss Madison was not long in discovering this.

"Tom," she looked at him accusingly; "did you shoot that wad?"

Thus discovered, Tom was at a loss. He glanced up and immediately down again, grew painfully red under the searching gaze of the whole school, shuffled his feet and finally mumbled affirmatively.

"I thought so," said Miss Madison, "I've stood about as much as I intend to from you, Tom. I'm afraid you're a thoroughly bad boy. You may see me after school!" Then, turning, "The A fifth class may prepare to recite the history lesson, and the rest of you get to work immediately."

There were a few suppressed giggles, a shuffling of feet, and order was restored.

Tom, outwardly calm and scornful, began to wish he hadn't done it. He knew Miss Madison was angry with him—several after

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school sessions and public lectures had fully proven that. These minor things, however, were of very little importance. What bothered him was the fear that she would send another letter home, as she had done when he'd played hookey only last month. He well remembered the receipt of that letter,—and if he should come home with a second,—well, Tom's father was a stern, conscientious man and would undoubtedly feel called upon to use strenuous means in meting out punishment, particularly as those formerly used had had no perceptible effect.

Tom stared moodily out of the window at the green fields and trees, every inch of him longing to be out in the fresh spring sunshine, running and shouting in happy freedom. What was the use of school anyway? He looked at the teacher as she was writing—he wondered if that was a letter for him. If that were the case, he probably wouldn't have to come back to school for a while, but somehow he wasn't so glad.

Presently school was dismissed, and Tom, sinking deeper in his seat, waited while all the rest filed out; their merry voices floating in through the windows made the empty school room more silent and gloomy by contrast. The teacher was back at her desk and writing again. Tom, now gloomily certain of the letter banged his books into his desk and scraped his feet as a gentle reminder that he was anxious to be out and away. There was a baseball game in progress in Perkins' field and he fairly ached to be there.

At length the teacher called him. He stalked up the aisle, took the letter she held out to him, and without so much as a nod, continued in calm dignity to the door. Grabbing his cap and thrusting the letter into his lunch pail, he started off at a run for the field and the ball game. Once there, he threw dull care aside and proceeded to enjoy life with a vigor. The game was fast and furious and they played and played with no regard for time. Finally, however, Tom, having yelled himself hoarse and made three home runs, started homeward.

The sun was low over the wooded hills and the long shadows were deepening on the fields. Tom hurried along,—“Gee! it's later'n I thought,” he told himself, “Pop'll be mad sure.” Suddenly he stopped—the letter! “Crickety!” he gasped, and started up the road on a run. His freckled face grew worried—“Gee, I'll get it!” Visions

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

of seven cows he should have helped milk rose accusingly before him; he could see his father's face when he should walk in, and he ran faster. The later he was, the worse it would be for him.

As he hurried along, he heard the wild galloping of a horse behind him. Looking back, he saw it dash around the curve of the road and come tearing toward him, mane and tail flying. Involuntarily Tom sprang back. As the horse drew nearer, he saw a girl hanging half out of the saddle, her hands clinging to the pommel — the teacher!

For a single instant he stood petrified; then as the horse was almost on him he rushed forward, throwing his lunch pail directly at the head of the wild eyed animal. As it swerved and reared, he caught the dangling reins and the little teacher dropped to the ground in a limp, frightened heap.

Tom, after trying in vain to quiet the excited horse, ran back to the teacher and knelt beside her. "Are you hurt?" he cried anxiously.

She sat up and looked at him with a little shaky attempt at a smile, "N-not a bit—but I'm s-scared to death! Oh, Tom, how can I ever, ever thank you? If you hadn't stopped Billy when you did, I'd have been dragged—I could just feel the s-saddle slipping and slipping—ugh!" She covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

Tom suddenly felt very old and manly and a feeling of responsibility came over him.

"I guess maybe you'd better not stop here," he advised her, "It's gettin' dark—I live just around the bend and if yu' can walk, you'd better go home with me."

The little teacher looked up into his freckled face in the dusky light and smiled; then laughed shakily. She told him to help her up, which he did very carefully, and they started slowly up the road, she leaning on his arm and telling him she hadn't a hairpin to her name and didn't see how she was going to get her hair up for school in the morning.

In an instant Tom's calm composure left him. He stopped.

"Gee, Miss Madison, the letter, that letter yu' know, it's in my

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lunch pail back there in the road somewheres. I-I guess I can't give it to Dad to-night—"

"Oh, Tom, forget I ever wrote that letter," pleaded the teacher, "and you may shoot all the flies you want if you don't hit me," she laugh hysterically, "because, Tom, you saved my life, you know."

Tom grinned in the dark and his face flushed—"Aw, that wasn't nothin'—say, how'd the horse happen to run away?"

"I don't know. I was riding along enjoying the sunset, when suddenly he reared up, went over to one side of the road and then ran as though a thousand demons were after him. Oh, I hate to think of it!" she shivered and leaned heavily on Tom's arm.

Tom said, "Gee," sympathetically and led her up the drive to the door of the big, warmly lighted house. She sighed in grateful anticipation of rest and comfort as Tom opened the door. As he led her in he chuckled—"Gee, I bet Pop's sore!"

HELEN OLMSTED, '14.





EVERYTHING GOES WITH THE OSTRICH

EDITORS:

Are Now Recuperating at the Napa Asylum.

EXTRA!

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

*Destruction Follows An Heroic
Attempt at Rescue!*

The joyous merrymaking of a Botany picnic was abruptly brought to a close by a sad catastrophe which befell one of the most honored members of the faculty. Miss Elsa Schluckebier, instructor of advanced German, while bravely striving to surmount the perils of a barb-wire fence, was suddenly

seized by the cruel barbs and for some moments both she and her life hung perilously in the balance. Aghast at the horror of the situation, she called desperately for aid and Jared W. Scudder, touched by her heart-rending screams, rushed madly to the rescue. Bravely he pulled, yet still she clung, and then, suddenly,—O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! There was a muffled cry mingled with a terrible sound of ripping and gasps of horror from the helpless bystanders. When the atmosphere cleared, her heroic would-be rescuer

THE OSTRICH

hastened to investigate the remains.



Miss Schluckebier survived the shock, but alas!—only a few scattered sheds remained to tell the tale of a horrible devastation. She was conveyed to her home with great difficulty, but of the green gown which has for several seasons past delighted the eyes of the German class, only a few tatters remain hanging on the barbs to mark the scene of the ghastly tragedy.

(Note. Miss Schluckebier enters a formal complaint against the use of the word several. She insists that she got the gown the year after the earthquake and fire.)

The Ostrich predicts that straw hats will be popular this summer. They are on sale for 15c at a local Kentucky street department store.

DARING HOLDUP

Fair Females are Imperiled by Vicious Marin County Animals. Mad Rush to Train Ends in Failure.

The doomed Botany class was the victim of another awful tragedy while trying to wipe out the sad memories of the past on a second beautiful picnic, Saturday, May 3rd. Mt. Tamalpais was the scene of the disaster, when several precious lives were again endangered.

The trip passed with only the usual number of break-downs until the foot of the mountain was reached on the homeward journey, and then the chapter of accidents began. It was learned suddenly that instead of going to Ross, they must sprint five miles to Fairfax in the few remaining moments before their train left.

"One and all with cheerful glee" followed their heroic leader, Miss Emma F. Daniel, champion walker of Marin county, on a mad run. "Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill they ran," waving lard buckets and seedy looking bouquets and yelling frantically at every passer-by as to whether they should turn to the left or to the right. A few

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO WILLITS

GOOD TIME ASSURED

TICKETS MAY BE SECURED FROM M. ORR

Dealer in Willits Real Estate.

THE OSTRICH

of the longest legged reached Fairfax in time to catch a train which, if Fortune smiled upon them, would make them miss the Petaluma train by only five minutes,—Miss Daniel hurling tin cans and left over oranges through the car window as parting tokens of affection. Arriving at San Rafael, they lined up in hairless, hatless array before the ticket office, and, dropping the buckets, oranges and bouquets on the platform, inquired anxiously for a train to Petaluma. The man said he had no doubt they intended to go there, but the train had left fifteen minutes ago.

The rest of the party, including the ill-fated Miss Schluckebier, had the misfortune to meet a large band of long-horned bulls, who actually had the effrontery to “*look at them!*”. This reduced the party to sobs of anguish, when Mr. Schluckebier rushed to the metropolis of Fairfax, and, securing the largest delivery wagon obtainable, hastened out to rescue the hysterical fence occupants. The party proceeded at a funeral pace through the main street of Fairfax clutching the remnants of a cake. They were carefully backed up to a saloon platform, where they were unloaded and put aboard the car.

In the dead of the night, two automobiles loaded to a startling

height with sad and rusty-looking sports, landed once more in their native burg of Petaluma. Pass the plate, Watson.

A LOT OF LAUGHABLE LOCALS

Carter Phair lives out west of town. He is an enthusiastic sprinter. He has a suit of the abbreviated uniform used by runners, and in the early mornings the neighbors out in his direction see him dashing along the highway at a speed which would puzzle a stop watch. They have offered a prize to anyone who will capture him, but they’ll have to make time to do it. Keep it up, Carter.

Some of the pupils who spend a great deal of time sliding down the fire escape say that they have come down so much that they can almost spin like a top when they get through.

We have a strong faculty this year. They have all eaten breakfast cooked by the Domestic Science class and are still robust and active and seem to enjoy life.

You find it all in the Ostrich.

AUCTION!

2

FINE MILPITAS
GELDINGS
H. N. YOUNG
Dealer in Horses

SUBSCRIBE FOR The Daily Crawl

DISTRIBUTED DAILY THROUGH
STUDY HALL SUBWAY

H. DYKES Editor
R. STAYNER Boss

THE OSTRICH

Everett Linoberg says that he insists on having water to wash his hands in now. He tried sulphuric acid by mistake some time ago. He is sure now that All is not water that looks wet.

Mr. Young's horses ate up the whole corn field at the farm the other day. Each had three good sized stalks. Both are feeling better.

On Tuesday evening, April 1st, "Tod" the trained horse at the Mystic picked out Sidna Hellmann as the prettiest young lady in the house. This proves three things: Sid visits the nickelodeons, she is the prettiest girl there, and lastly, that "Tod" is a mighty smart horse. He has plenty of horse sense all right.

No, girls, the little holes in the track are not worm holes. They were made by the spikes in the running shoes. The boys like the track better when it has that worm-eaten appearance.

A WORKABLE DEFINITION

Fire Escape—A short method of wearing out good clothes.

HAIR FOR SALE

Suitable for Switches
and Rats

CARTER PHAIR, Owner.

OUR SUB-LEAGUE GAME

*Reported by our Special Staff
Correspondent in the Usual
Sporting Style*

On Saturday, March 15th, the birch wielders of Petaluma High School journeyed to Santa Rosa to cross bats with the High School team at that place to determine who should continue in the race for the championship in the S. N. S. C. A. D. L. (other letters will be added from time to time.)

There was one long, tense moment when no one could name the winner. That moment was just before the Santa Rosa twirler sent the first ball across the home plate and the local boys began fanning the breeze.

Only twenty-seven of our boys got up to try their luck at finding the sphere and no man got further than second base. Every man hit the ball in the same place, or rather, they all hit the spot where the ball should have been or once was. Fifteen men were struck out and a few others took feverish sprints in the direction of the ini-

EAT JUNIOR SANDWICHES

"THE MEMORY LINGERS" ! ? ! ? ! ? !

THE OSTRICH

tial sack. It was a fearful slaughter of the innocents.

The local boys went up to Santa Rosa in autos, but as soon as they tried to hit the splendid curves handed out by the denizens of the Court House country they all went up in a balloon and remained up throughout the game.

The star performer for the local team was Alvin Drees, who was stationed in the middle garden. It was worth a small fortune to see him try to avoid being hit by a fly. It is generally reported that Drees spent one season with a famous Girls' team, as he caught the ball on the first bounce in a style which showed unmistakable training. He insisted that the player was "half out" each time he nailed a nice warm bingle in this way. It was too cute for any use to watch him.

It was a game with lots of sap in it. Excitement ran high and the twenty fans who were on the side lines were in a state of collapse when the game ended. The real excitement began in the eighth spasm when the Santa Rosa boys discovered Rat's curves and connected with the horse hide in rapid succession. They made one home run, and when Drees essayed to

catch a fly he let in three more. The local boys tried to extend themselves, but found it was useless. They could not do anything. Santa Rosa had got their goat.

Another feature of the game was Blake's catching at the third cushion. The Santa Rosa batters sent a number of balls with whiskers on and Blake pulled them out of the ozone with one hand as easily as if he had been picking cherries.

It has been said by some of the boys that if their out-fielders had played as classy ball as the boys in the in-field it might have been possible to hold the score down to a goose egg for both sides. If in addition to this the locals could have ambled across the home plate the game would have been theirs. As it was the score card showed that Santa Rosa had annexed eleven runs, while the devotees of the national game from Petaluma had maintained the same score they had before they started. If the game could have been run on to about twenty innings it is thought the Santa Rosa boys might have become so worn out that the local team could have scored at will. Out of respect for the Santa Rosa twirler's big out curve the locals

NOTICE!

Mutually interested parties
should visit the

Spoon Factory

(Formerly the Drawing Room)

PAUL SALES

Founder, Proprietor and Maintainer

ALEXANDER B. ORR

Dealer in

New and Second Hand JOKES

Samples of latter in back of this book

THE OSTRICH

TRACK MEET. - PETALUMA VS. ANALY HIGH SCHOOL. - HYNES



refused to smash the sphere upon the nose and lace out the neat bingles which win a game.

It was a great game—no fielding—no batting—no score for Petaluma. There was no kicking. Everybody was happy and the game was as peaceful as a meeting of a Sewing Society.

We have all eaten pretzels, but where is the mind that could have conceived the Track Team Sandwich?

—o—
The Ostrich suggests Oak Hill Park as a suitable place for the manufacture of hydrogen sulphide. (San Anselmo papers please copy.)

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

BOTTLES and OLD IRON

Golden West Junk Company

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

E. F. DANIEL, Proprietor.

A FRESHIE

Dear Father:—I haven't written home to you for several days, I see. They've kept me working pretty hard and busy as a bee. When first I landed on the hill they yelled, "Look who is here!" and greeted me with so much joy it gave me cause for fear. Before the week had closed and gone, the Juniors called us in and said that we must organize and told us to begin. They soon elected me to lead, a committee then was sent to tell me that your honored son was chosen president. They stood me on a teacher's chair to make my maiden speech, and pelted me with anything that came within their reach. To show that we were favored sons within this learned place, they had us all do lots of stunts, and marked upon our face. When they had finished all of us they took us down the stair, and helped us wash our hands and face beneath a faucet there. But, pa, I'll even up for this, on each and every score, when I assist the entering class when I'm a Sophomore.

**ENTERPRISE
RESTAURANT**
**Shrimps
Served**

In fact We Serve Anyone
Who Comes in
2nd Floor, Petaluma High School

CLASSIFIED ADS.

A Psyche Knot. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for ad. Box 13, Ostrich Office.

Rooms to let in the upper story. Ray Murphy.

Learn how to drive an auto by Mail Correspondence.—A. Spridgen & Co.

EXCHANGE

Will exchange an auto(?) for a new high school, ten room house or whatever you have to trade.—W. O. Smith

NEW TO-DAY

My checkerboard suit. — Paul Sales.

FOR RENT

Elegant office apartments equipped with three shelves and a patent lock.—Apply Editor of the Enterprise.

WANTED

Space for our hats.—P. H. S. Suffragettes.

To Raise

MONEY FOR ATHLETICS

**BALLET
DANCE**

FANCY UNDRRESS COSTUMES
BY TRACK TEAM

Promising investment for man who can afford to lose \$200. Must be a Democrat.—Apply J. A. Cline, Manager of the Enterprise.

Parties losing books may regain same by applying to Genevieve D. Luff, Room 1.

THE LATEST STYLE

Oh have you seen the funny way the boys do up their hair? They let it grow to any length, then paste it down with care; and every morning when they rise they face the early breeze, which blows their long and flowing locks as straight back as you please. With eager palms they gently rub each hair to make it shine, then gloss it o'er with eau cologne, that makes it very fine. Whene'er they stoop, or twist or bend, down comes their gorgeous hair, like wings of cooing turtle doves; so long—so rich, so rare! We would suggest, if we but dared, that hairpins would be best to keep in place those wayward locks, for hair-pins stand the test.

IN THE COURTS

A warrant is out for the arrest of the afternoon music class on the grounds of disturbing the peace. It is claimed that the alleged disturbance is affecting the value of the adjoining property.

Prof. Randolph Paderewski Christo

**"THE MAN THAT MADE
PENNGROVE FAMOUS"**

Piano and Harmony (Especially
Harmony)

FEMININE PUPILS ONLY
(Must be under Forty)

AN EXPLANATION

(Not from the Office)

Dear Fond Parent:

Sammy has brought your note asking me to explain what a Deficiency Check is and what it is for. I take time to send you an immediate answer.

We have had Sammy with us now for a long time and he isn't as far from the hole he came in at as he should be. He is a great boy, we know. He's a regular forty horsepower machine, but as nearly as we can calculate thirty-nine of the horses are dead.

At the rate Sammy is progressing he will graduate in 1950 or '51, that is if he doesn't take sick or isn't kept back in some way. The poet very beautifully puts the whole matter when he says, " 'Tis time for Sammy to get up and dust." We hope you will take him on a brief and exciting whaling trip and that you will leave such visible evidences of the voyage that we can know how much he enjoyed it. In case the outward signs do not appear will you kindly write me a note in cypher, as follows,

MADAMOISELLE

MARTINA CAMM

**FASHION
MODEL**

Authority for all the latest styles

THE OSTRICH

and I will understand what you mean: "The liniment you recommended was thoroughly applied externally, hot."

We would suggest that Sammy be given this trip as soon as possible and that he be found in his place without undue delay or formality. We will upholster his seat with soft plush if you do the right thing by Sammy, and will do all we can to make him comfortable and studious. Hoping that you will see your duty clear, I remain,

Your humble Servant,

.....

THE LATEST

Have you seen it? The latest thing in aesthetic dancing—the Telescope Glide. It is demonstrated every morning by Miss Marjorie Comstock and Randolph A. Christie. Catch on to it?

—o—

The Ostrich is grateful to Mr. A. B. Way who has been chief caterer for this elaborate menu.

—o—

The Ostrich calls attention to the new paint on the sink. Wonders will never cease. Some day we may find the mirror cleaned.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

For those attending

Domestic Science Banquets

BOYER - ORR - LINOBERG CO.

SOLVE THAT PROBLEM OF
BEING A WALL FLOWER

RAG!!

LESSONS BY MONSIEUR GROVERMAN

Care Box 21

STRICTLY PRIVATE LESSONS

To a Tear

Must I reiterate, there is no cause for sorrow;
That which you plant, you must well watch and tend,
But if weeds grow in that which you have planted,
Think you that water will your plants defend?
No, no, say I, but you must watch and weed them,
And tend the flowers till the blossoms blow,
Then will the Spring's first birdlings sing among them
After the Winter's snow.

MAY S. GREENWOOD, '17.



Uncle Jim's Boy



LITTLE, well-worn path led far up the mountain side to a small clearing in the midst of the pines. Here in a small but well kept cabin lived an old man. The place was rudely built of logs, with a huge brick chimney over which once every year a few white roses bloomed. On the other side there was a tiny garden in which some of the hardiest flowers grew, for the soil and climate were not suited to the frail ones. These "Uncle Jim" tended carefully every day.

To the villagers in the valley below the old man was a mystery. A few of the old timers had a faint recollection of the day when, almost twenty-five years before, "Uncle Jim" had come into their midst. He did not stay to talk with the gossipers, but went directly up the mountain. Here in the clearing he built his cabin without the help or advice of anyone. "Uncle Jim" never came down into the valley, except on his weekly visits to buy provisions, and then he did

not linger to talk, although when spoken to he answered pleasantly, never saying more than was necessary.

The old man had left the village only twice and on the return from his second visit he had not come alone. With him there came a tiny sickly child, a boy about three years old. Some of the villagers thought it was a waif the old man had picked up on his visit; others thought the child was related to him. Yet these were only surmises, for "Uncle Jim" never spoke of the boy or himself.

The life on the mountain seemed to agree with the child, for he grew stronger day by day, and was soon a stalwart, manly looking fellow. The boys of the village pitied him, for they thought he must certainly grow very lonesome with only an old man for company, but the boy never longed for their society, as he had something far better, the life of the mountains, and for his companions the children of the forest.

On clear days people often saw the two hunting through the woods for rare plants and flowers. The boy learned quickly, both from the old man and by his own keen insight. He soon learned where the uncommon plants grew and he knew and loved the squirrels and animals of the woods so well that it was not an unusual sight to see them eating from his hands.

The people of the village knew only of this outdoor part of their life until one time a villager who was caught in a storm sought safety in their cabin. He told that he had found the two sitting by the bright open fire with heads bent low, reading aloud from Shakespeare. He had sought refuge for the night and been kindly treated and he told in glowing descriptions of the wonderful books which had been shown him and of their collection of the flowers of the forest, which were so well kept that they were almost as beautiful as on the day they were first picked.

When the boy was about seventeen years old he went away, and the curious postmaster inquiring of "Uncle Jim" where he was, was told briefly that he was away at school.

The old man seemed to live only for the days when letters came, the only ones he had ever received since his arrival at the village. Every week during the winter months the letters came regularly and in summer the boy returned to the little cabin among the pines. While

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the boy was away "Uncle Jim" spent his time working in the garden if the weather permitted and reading by the fire when it did not.

One day instead of the usual letter came only a paper. Jim could not believe there was no letter from his boy. Finally, only half convinced, he started to go, then stopped and opened the paper. He read a few lines and then without a cry sank to the floor. The men standing near rushed to his aid. It was not long before he recovered. Although his eyes looked dazed and queer, he regained his feet slowly, and not listening to the remonstrance which arose from the men, went out of the door and up the mountain to his home.

What the postmaster saw, in glaring headlines as he picked the paper from the floor was—

"STUDENTS EXPELLED FROM LARGE COLLEGE, MANY CAUGHT IN HUGE GAMBLING PLOT

Among the foremost were the following——:"

"Why, that must have been the old man's boy, or he wouldn't have taken it so hard."

"What an ungrateful fellow to disgrace the poor old man."

"Yes, and after he raised him and took care of him," was heard on all sides of the room.

Late that night a young man rushed into the store, startling the postmaster.

"Has anyone here seen Uncle Jim today?"

The postmaster told him all about the scene at the office and about the finding of the paper. Then the young man hastened toward the clearing.

As he neared the cabin no light shone out, and, greatly alarmed, he hurried toward the door. As he opened it the moon streamed in, showing him the figure of the old man in his arm-chair. His face looked haggard and pale in the dim light. The young man ran to his side and bent over him eagerly.

"O, I say, Uncle Jim, it was all a mistake. I was not the fellow at all, only a terrible mistake in names. Really, Uncle Jim, it was not I. Really it was not."

But Uncle Jim would never understand, for the cry fell on dead ears.

GENEVIEVE LUFF, '13.

The Forest Service



THE objects of the Forest Service are: the protecting of the National Forests, the increasing of their productiveness, and the securing of the proper use of their resources.

The forests must be protected from fire, from overgrazing and from wasteful lumbering. For fire protection, trails are made along the highest ridges of the reserve, so that the ranger can view the largest possible area while patrolling his territory. Companies of men are organized, who leave their work as soon as possible after they are notified of a fire. Lookout stations are established in each reserve on the highest peaks or other location where the greatest area of the reserve may be seen from them.

When a lookout man sees a fire he locates the blaze by his general knowledge of the country, with the aid of specially prepared maps and other instruments. Then he immediately informs the supervisor by telephone, for all lookout stations, rangers' headquarters, etc., are connected by telephone with the supervisor's office. Then the supervisor notifies the ranger on whose territory the fire has been located, and the fight begins.

If the fire is a light surface one, the ranger will endeavor to control it alone. If he cannot he notifies the supervisor and the nearest auxiliary company is sent out, fully equipped for fire fighting. The most effective means of fighting fire is back firing; that is, setting fires ahead of the main fire and allowing them to burn only toward it. This is a very dangerous method unless properly controlled and checked.

The evil of overgrazing is being overcome by the permit system, which limits the ranges to their capacity. The cattle ranges of the mountains are somewhat limited. They consist mostly of the little mountain meadows scattered throughout the higher mountains. The

mountain meadows of the Sierra Nevadas, especially in the southern and higher part of the range, are very beautiful. One will be slowly following the trail along the edge of some canyon, perhaps listening to the wind in the pines, or to the little stream tumbling over the rocks in the canyon below, when suddenly a tiny valley will burst into view, its floor all covered with grass and wild flowers. Perhaps one lone monarch of the forest is standing in it and the little stream is slowly and silently threading its way. Higher up on the walls and top of the canyon are the sentinels who keep endless watch over it. These meadows make the finest kind of range providing they are not overstocked.

The sheep range is a different and more serious problem. Sheep graze all over the forests, doing much damage by trampling the young trees, tearing loose their rootlets and powdering the soil with their small sharp hoofs, thus starting erosion. They sometimes entirely destroy promising young forests.

All lumbering within the National forests is carried on under the supervision of the Forest Service, and under standard rules for cutting, logging, etc., which vary in different localities and under different conditions.

The usual method of lumbering is very destructive to the forest. The forest is gone through and all marketable timber cut, without any regard whatever for reproduction or protection of young trees. In the redwood belt of California it used to be customary to set fire to the forests after the timber had been felled, so that the trees could be trimmed and logged more easily. This destructive lumbering is a very short-sighted policy, for much of the forest lands are good for nothing but forests. Under the direction of the Service, the forests are maintained and increased both in productiveness and capital value of the forest land, and still at a profit.

To increase the productiveness of the forests, mature timber must be sold to make room for younger trees. To encourage the lumbering of this timber the Forest Service offers the inducement of the sales of large amounts of timber under long-term contracts, so that it will pay private concerns to develop means of marketing it. Also large areas of burned and naked lands must be reforested. Of these lands an average of about 30,000 acres is reforested each year.

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In regard to the problem of insuring the proper use of the National Forests, the policy of the Forest Service is simply to prevent the illegal grabbing of water-power sites and of valuable timber areas, and to aid and encourage the honest settler and prospector. The settler goes into the mountains, picks out his land and files on it. It is then examined by a land examiner, and, if it is really agricultural land the claim is reported favorably to the General Land Office. The prospector does much the same thing, except that on a mineral claim he is allowed only mineral rights to the land. However, he may use timber for mining and fuel purposes.

If a claim is found to be more valuable for timber or other purposes than for agriculture or mining an unfavorable report is sent to the Land Office. This generally results in the claimant being unable to get a patent. In this way the Service cooperates with the General Land Office in protecting the Government from illegal claims.

The Forest Service is of a great benefit to the nation. It aids the mountain stockman by protecting the ranges, thus improving them and insuring against loss of stock through scarcity of water and forage in unfavorable seasons. It helps the farmer by protecting against disastrous floods, which are sure to follow the deforesting of water sheds, and by conserving the water supply with its forested areas. And last, but perhaps most important, it benefits all mankind and future generations by preserving from destruction Nature's best and most beautiful play grounds, the mountain forests, and protecting the wild life of the woods from extermination.

PERCIVAL WHEELER, '14.



A Poor Little Kitten



THE LAST her dream had come true; she was going away to teach, but oh, how she longed for home and friends! With misty eyes she gazed before her at a vision of mountains, rocks, and trees, as the stage carried her away from her last friend. Her thoughts went back to the day before, the most eventful in her life. She recalled the sorrowful home-leaving, the long ride on the train, the strange quietness of the little mountain town, so different from the great city to which she had always been accustomed, and then the meeting with her friend there which had cheered her drooping spirits. She thought of how the school official had told the stage driver to "meet a poor little kitten at the train." She burned with shame at the thought, then aroused herself and determined to be brave.

It was hard to be out of spirits long on such a morning, for the air was cool and fresh, and the sun, just peeping over the mountain, sent out its first rays to scatter the shadows and brighten the way. Presently they left the open and entered a shadowy canyon. Never before had she so felt the spirit and influence of nature. The steep canyon walls were decked here and there with late-blooming flowers; a small stream, whose source was not far off, trickled down over the stones by the roadside, and above her the pines whispered together, while birds twittered and fluttered among their branches. Squirrels whisked to and fro across the road and sometimes a bunch of quail was startled from their morning feed and whirled upward into the pines.

So deeply had this little city girl entered into the spirit of her surroundings that the voice of the driver startled her as he halted his team beside a watering trough and swung to the ground. He took a pail from the rear of the wagon, watered each dusty, sweating horse climbed back into his seat, and again the silence was broken by the rumble of the stage and the slow thud of the horses' hoofs, as they toiled up the steep. Soon the head of the canyon was reached and

now they emerged upon the mountain side and left the shaded road below. Higher and higher they climbed, until the canyon became an abyss of trees and the view widened into mountains and mountains everywhere. As she gazed across the deep ravines to the green mountains opposite and then far beyond to the jagged blue wall, she wondered if there was anything in the world more wonderful than the Sierras.

Gradually the strangeness of the scenery wore off and she felt as if she had always known the mountains. It seemed as though years had passed since she had left home, and yet it was only yesterday. Finally she took courage and timidly asked the driver, "How much further have we to go?"

"Wal, I reckon we can make Havilah in a couple o' hours. Tired?" he asked.

"No, but I thought we were almost to Isabella," she answered meekly.

"Oh, are you goin' clear through?" he asked curiously.

"Yes, sir."

"It's only about ten by the sun, and we oughter be in Isabella by sundown. It's a mighty hot day, and that there leader won't stand any hurryin'."

The sun was low on the horizon when the summit of the last mountain was reached, and now far below them lay a valley, with a white ribbonlike road winding through it, and with green fields, specks of houses, and a sparkling river bordered with green.

"Is that where we are going?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes Miss. See that there first group of houses? That's where my trip ends, but I reckon not yours. Any one to meet you?" he asked.

"I think so. Mr. Brown expects me," she answered.

"Oh, be you the schoolmarm they're expecting?" he asked in surprise.

"Y-es," she answered, taken back at his surprise.

"Wal," he said after a few minutes, "you'll like the old man, and the old lady too. They're fine people. They came over here in the sixties, and were the first white folks seen by the Indians of this part."

"Oh, are there Indians here?" she asked in some alarm.

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"There's a few left, but they won't hurt you," he answered reassuringly but with a bit of a twinkle in his eyes.

On the way down the mountain, the driver drew up the panting horses beside a little postoffice, where a group of men and boys had gathered to wait for their mail.

"Hello, Jim," called the postmaster from the doorway. Rather late, eh?"

"A little."

"Where did you meet the other stage, Jim?"

"The other side of the Basin."

"Oh, say, is the school teacher on board? The old man telephoned down to know if she was coming. He's tired waiting for you."

"She's here," grinned Jim. "Giddap."

It was twilight when the stage stopped again, and the little schoolmarm climbed down, tired and stiff and thankful that her first stage ride was at an end. A stalwart old man stopped forward and exclaimed, "Well bless me, is this Miss Merriam?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just come with me and we'll be home in a jiffy. I'll have your trunk brought up tomorrow. The children are crazy to see you. They wanted to come along, but I thought maybe they would bother you. I hope you'll make yourself at home with us. We always board the teachers."

He lifted her into a buggy, climbed in by her side, and spoke to his mare: "Come on, Bess, it's time we were home."

Miss Merriam, as we now know her, felt drawn toward this fatherly old man whom everyone respected, and they had a pleasant chat together, riding home in the clear, cool evening.

They were met at the gate by barking dogs, and a cry of children, "Gran'pa, did you bring the teacher?" A motherly old woman met her at the door and took her into her arms, and soon she was at home with all.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear, and the little teacher trembled as she prepared for school. Everything seemed a dream, the long journey and now the fact that she was really a teacher. She tried to shake it off and feel that she was herself. She sat down by the window and again thought it all over. Could it really be true?

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She picked up a letter that had been laid on a chair inside the door. It was from her mother. Again she was back in the home with her brothers and sisters around her, and heard her mother's voice.

When she dropped the letter the dreamy uncertainty had vanished. She saw clearly that her old dream was now true, that her duty had come, and at the thought, a strange happiness entered her heart.

She heard the children running about the house getting ready for school, and slowly rose, picked up her books and joined them.

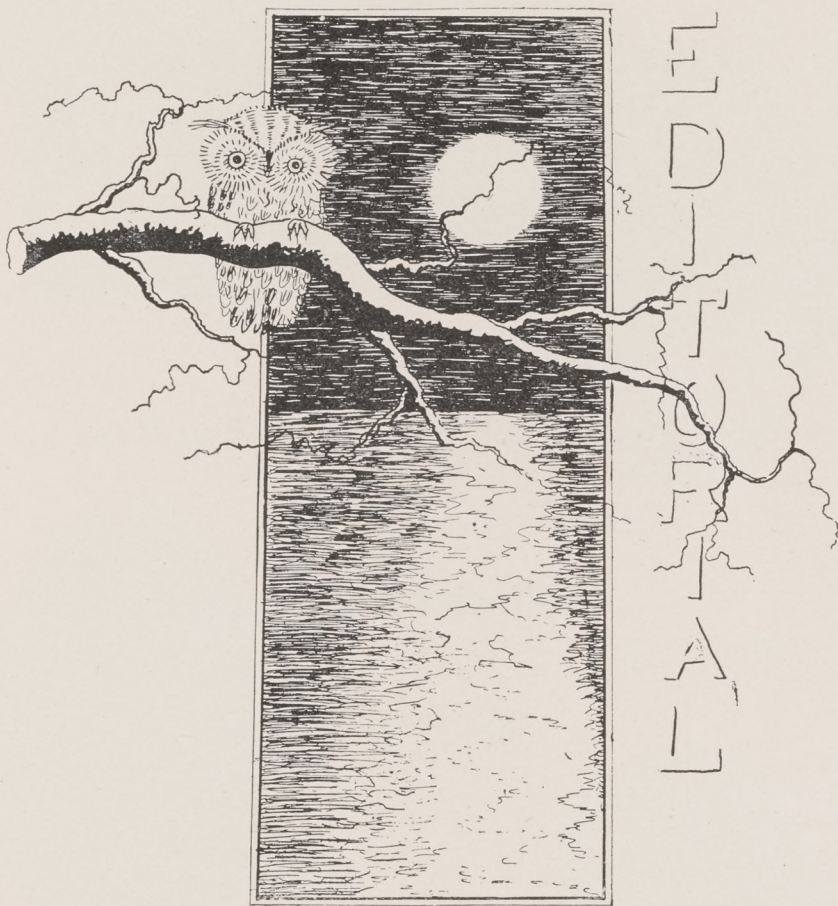
HATTIE SMITH, '13.



Orpheus

He played, and in the music that he wrought,
A thousand tongues poured forth their passion yet untaught.
Softly at first, until the spell was cast,
Then led us on, until at last, at last
We found our Eden, where, 'mid myriad shadowed caves
The soft winds sighed, then slipped away to dance among the waves.
Now changed the note, until our hearts were great
With longing for all things that could not be.
A chord he struck, and straightway closed the gate
Of our enchanted land; and still swept on
The chords, till all our souls lay quivering 'neath the pain
Of terror, tumult and despair. Then chose a loftier strain
That bore us on, inspired, free, apart,
To shores that know no blight, a joy that knows no wane.
Oh, this thy power be — to soothe the aching heart,
And lift to realms unknown, great master of thine art.

GENEVIEVE G. MOTT, '13



Helen Mott



The Enterprise

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Purpose in Life

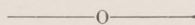
Thirty of us are leaving our high school life this June for a life much more complex, one in which there are vastly more forces to be dealt with. We are eager for action, but as yet our places in the machinery of the universe are undefined. Our teachers have striven to prepare us for usefulness in whatever part of the world's work we may choose for ourselves and their deep interest in us as individuals has tended to awaken the best forces in our characters. We cannot now appreciate the extent to which their influence has affected us, but as we grow and gain in experience and knowledge, we will realize more clearly the depth of gratitude we owe to them. The knowledge of the past that they have helped us to gain, the facts that we have assimilated, the theories that we have been helped to form, we are now called upon to arrange and to use. Just how we shall use them is a question which only ourselves can answer.

What we accomplish in our manhood and womanhood depends largely upon what we purpose to accomplish. It is, consequently, of the deepest importance that we should form purposes that are high and noble, the carrying out of which will make our lives worth while. Much energy is consumed in accomplishment governed by unworthy or valueless motives. If we would live lives contributive to the world's progress, we must strive to bring ourselves into harmony with the laws of creation and direct our energies in accordance with the perspective of life which our education has given us. The broader our knowledge, the more clearly we are able to perceive in what channels we can most effectively direct our efforts and constantly to increase our knowledge is, thus, constantly to add depth to our purpose.

In working toward definite and high ideals, we are not alone. We are ever in contact with other individuals with different needs and ambitions. It is this association with other lives which gives us our highest inspirations and which requires our deepest sacrifices. Noble

relationships with human souls make our lives beautiful and worth living and our existence is not complete unless so enriched.

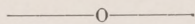
Our life is a wonderful thing when we stop and think of it,—and it is ours with all its beauty, for no matter how circumstanced, we may find joy in the realization of accomplishment if we so purpose.



On Organ- ization

Do any of us realize how much we are missing in our high school life because we have no dramatic club, no reading club, no debating society? There are certainly a number of us who frequently complain that school is "the deadest place on earth." Why not wake up and start something? The girls who lament the lack of spirit in boys' athletics would have a good opportunity to show them what school spirit is by organizing a dramatic club or a company of walkers. Think how much pleasure Friday afternoon entertainments under the auspices of a dramatic club would be. Everybody enjoys "being in a show" and nobody minds seeing one. There is an unusually good supply of talent in our school, which could be worked up through practice into splendid casts for school plays.

Most of the larger high schools are strengthened by numerous student organizations, which are especially enjoyable to those interested in the particular lines of activity and which add greatly to the prestige of the school. The "get together" spirit should be fostered and encouraged, especially because it opens the way to more intimate friendship and broader sympathy among the students. Why not get the aid of some of the faculty members and try it?



Acknow- ledg- ment

We are sincerely grateful to the students of the school for making this number of the Enterprise a success. We received a large amount of good material and while unable to use it all, we are glad that so many were heartily interested in their publication and were willing to give their time and talent for its benefit. We offer our thanks especially to Miss Prutzman and Miss Polland for their aid, and to Mr. Way, who has helped us both with contributions of material and advice in the smaller details. We are indebted also to Mr. Gutermute, who has very generously displayed and sold our paper at his stores.



Graduates

RUTH C. ANDERSON

WALTER LAWRENCE

IDA M. JONES

ALEXANDER J. PELOQUIN

BERNICE HARRIET SMITH



NOTHING of special importance has occurred during the past year in the Commercial Department. We have the same teachers. The same class of work has been carried on during the fall and spring terms. There is little change in the daily "grind" of work; bookkeeping, stenography, law, arithmetic, penmanship, etc. The work this year, although like the work of past years, has been very interesting and especially pleasant, both on the part of the teachers and the pupils. It is ever thus, when pupils enter into the work with the intention of making the best of their time and ability.

The pictures that were purchased for the Commercial Department last fall of the Elson Art Co., also the prize picture "Spring," won by the Department for having sold the greatest number of tickets, have been very artistically framed and are now adorning the walls of the two Commercial Rooms.

Petaluma is in need of a new High School. The Commercial Department especially needs better equipment and room to enable it to carry on a more up-to-date and profitable class of work.

Some few changes have been made in the courses of the Department. The combined Stenographic and Bookkeeping course has been altered slightly, on account of some difficulties the pupils encounter while mastering it. The combined course fills seven straight recitation periods. It also requires much home study, for to become on ex-



BERNICE SMITH



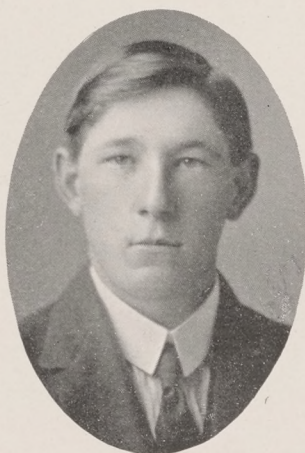
IDA JONES



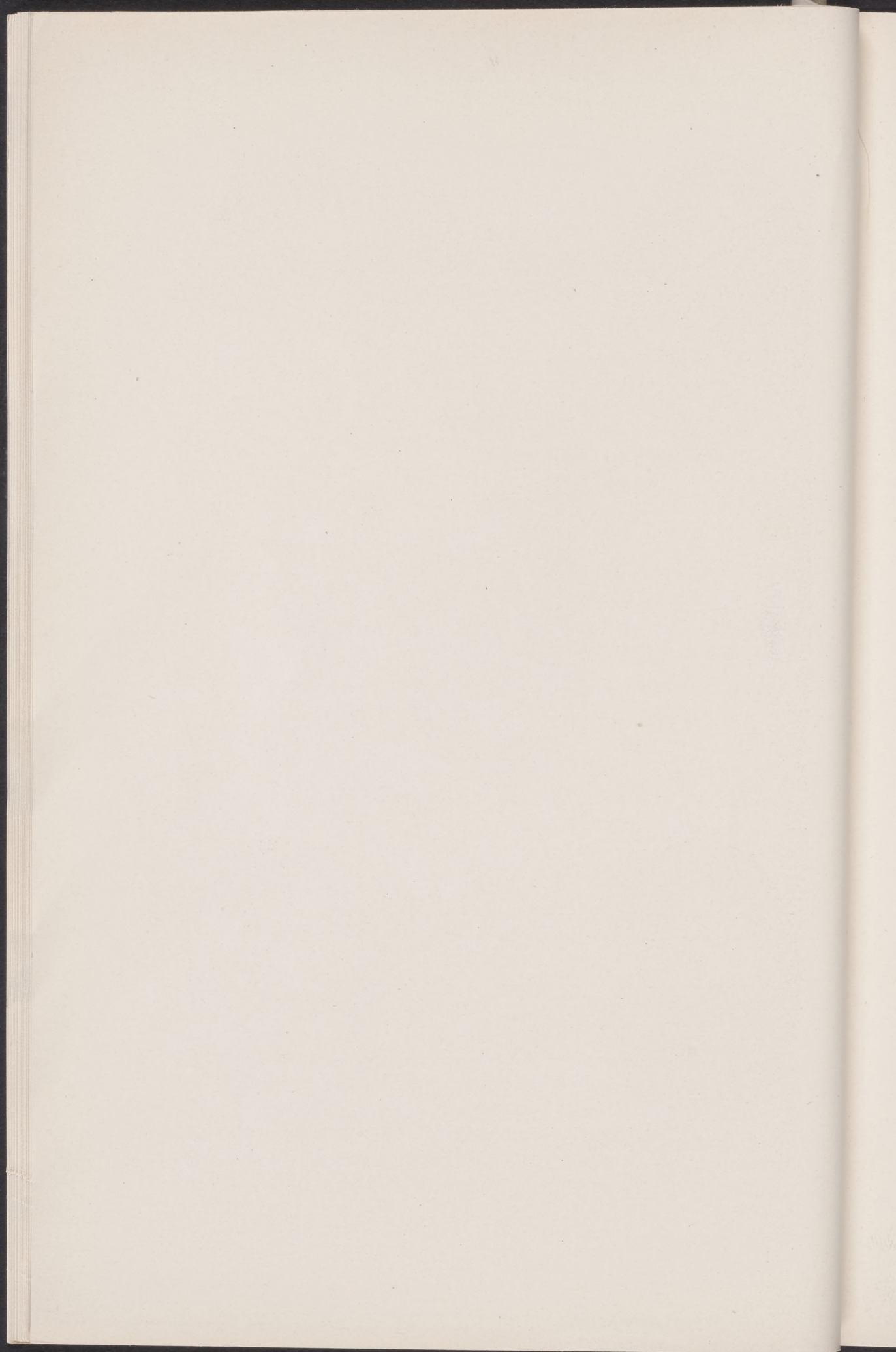
RUTH ANDERSON



ALEXANDER PELOQUIN



WALTER LAWRENCE



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pert stenographer one must devote two or three hours daily to that study alone. Some of this year's class have spent five hours daily on shorthand and typewriting. The teachers recommend that students take either a stenographic or a bookkeeping course. To concentrate on one course insures better results. Most of those taking the stenographic course elect bookkeeping in the second year, thus securing training in regular office work as amanuensis and at the same time being prepared to take up work as assistant bookkeepers. In connection with the regular courses as now outlined, the pupils may choose one elective from any other course in the school. Many of the bookkeepers, for instance, choose German, which is a very interesting study and will help them later. Others choose the advanced English, Latin or History. This plan has been very successful.

During the past fall three new Remington No. 10, blind keyboard typewriters have been installed in the Typewriting Room. Most of the pupils taking typewriting are using the "Touch System," which is found to be very satisfactory, especially for the stenographers when writing from their notes.

The graduating class is now preparing a new issue of "Typewriter Tappings." Many new designs and poems have been made. A "P. H. S." pennant was one of the new arrivals and it certainly made a "hit" with the class.

The new fire escape is of much interest to the Commercial, because when there is a fire drill all those fortunate enough to be in the Commercial Room have the pleasure of sliding down the escape. This experience creates much sensation over the entire school, for "Everybody's doin' it."

Last year's graduates left a class picture for the Department. It is a fine plan and we hope that each succeeding class will do the same. It is a custom which it would be well to keep up.

The enrollment for the year has been seventy-six, an increase over last year. Each year shows a larger entering class.

The graduating class this year will number five. It is a very small class, but it contains two boys. The boys are increasing in number, as you will see if you look back on last year's class of eleven girls and one boy. The class this year is made up of stenographers, and good ones at that. We have tried our hardest to gain all the knowledge we could and heed the good advice we have received from our teachers. We are now, after two years of training for the business world, going forth to "reap what we have sowed." We are sincerely sorry to leave, and wish to thank our teachers, Miss Beauchamp and Mr. Way, for their kindness in helping us to overcome the difficulties on the road to success.



Associated Student Body

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

On May 16th, the Associated Students of the Petaluma High School elected officers for the ensuing year. The election was very spirited and the officers chosen are the very best that could be found in the school.

They are as follows:

President of the Associated Student Body	Dickson Brown
Vice President	Parker Hall
Secretary	Josephine Camm
Editor of the Enterprise	Elzada F. Gross
Manager of the Enterprise	Everett M. Linoerg

MANAGERS OF ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Baseball	Arthur Kercheval
Track	Louis Oxender
Girls' Basket Ball	Ruth Stayner
Boys' Basket Ball	Blaky Hill

The student body has proven its worth to the school this year in numerous ways. All the activities have been run off smoothly and the officers of the organization are to be complimented on the way they have handled the various questions arising. Our organization is run by the whole school and through it every student is enabled to have a voice in the management of the school affairs.

FUNDS FOR THE ENTERPRISE

Unusual success has attended the efforts to raise money for the school paper this term and an ample sum has been raised to meet

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the expense of publication. This is due to a large extent to the excellent business management and to the enthusiastic support of the students at the time of school play. On this occasion \$125 clear of expenses was realized and this, added to the \$150 gained by the liberal advertising of the local business men, was sufficient to assure the financial success of the paper. The spirit shown has been most gratifying and it is our hope that it will continue.

OUR SEAL

For many years it has been felt that some official emblem for our school should be devised, but no action on the matter was taken. The diplomas of the graduating classes went out with only a plain gold seal. This year, however, a seal, both effective and fitting in design has been selected. In the center stands the Old Adobe Fort, known to the whole state. Around it are the words "Petaluma High School, Founded 1872." The Old Adobe is very appropriate for our seal as Petaluma dates back to the days of the Spanish regime and our high school is among the six oldest public institutions of the kind in the state.



Athletics



M. WESSELS '13

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TRACK.

The track team began work early in the season with Dykes as captain and Skilling as manager. The first meet entered was the interscholastic at Berkeley, which was held on April 3d. The team chosen to represent Petaluma was as follows: Ward, Peters, Skilling, Dykes, Oxender, Smith, McKinney and Brown. One silver medal was brought back to show for their work. This was won by Skilling, who took second place in the mile, running a well-judged race and finishing in good shape. One week later Dykes tied for second place in the high jump at the Stanford Interscholastic Meet, making a jump of five feet, nine inches.

The next event was the S. N. S. C. A. L. meet at St. Helena, when we were represented by Smith, Dykes, McKinney, Tompkins, Brown and Skilling. Dykes won the high jump and Skilling took second in the mile and the 880, giving us 11 points in all.

Only three boys entered the N.W. S. L. A. A. L. meet at Ukiah, Oxender, Tonningsen and McKinney. They captured only 1 1-2 points but it is greatly to their credit that they entered at such odds and upheld the best spirit of the school.

It is hoped that the material in the school will be worked up into a more thoroughly organized track team next year and although little success was attained this year, let us remember the words of Oxender, the new manager, "While there's life there's hope!"

BOYS' BASEBALL

Manager Parker Hall
Captain Blaky Hill

Our baseball team has done very little so far, although it is hard at work. One game was played with Santa Rosa, with a result 11—0 in favor of Santa Rosa. However, new material is at work now and a successful team is predicted.

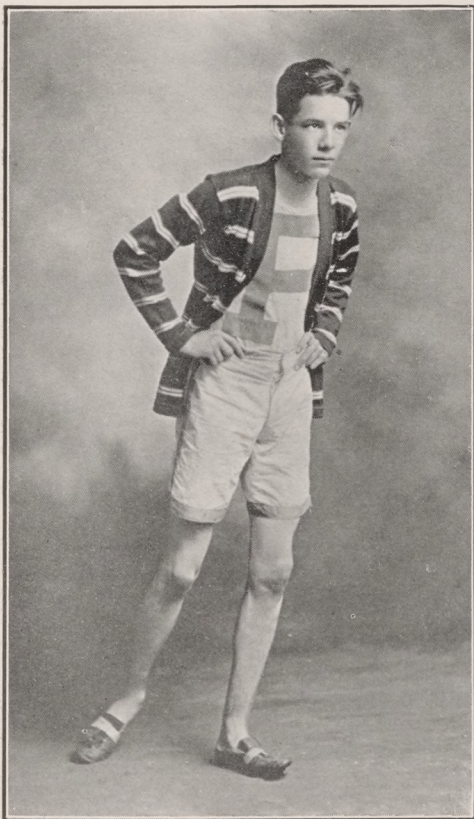
GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Manager Clara Meeks
Captain Sidna Hellmann

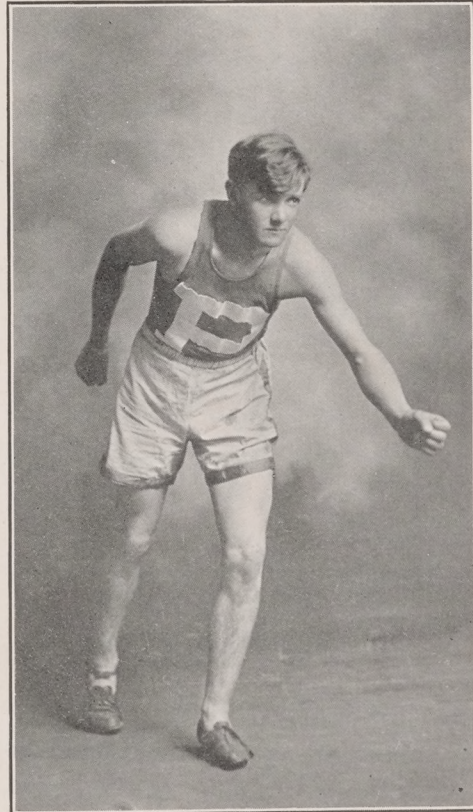
Although the team played only three games, it represented the school very creditably. These games were with Santa Rosa, the only



Peters	Brown		McKinney	Tompkins
	Smith	Oxender	Ward	
		Dykes	Skilling	



Dykes



Skilling

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other team available for contest, and although we won only one of them, our girls played excellently in each case.

BOYS' BASKET BALL

Manager Harold Peck
Captain Alvin Drees

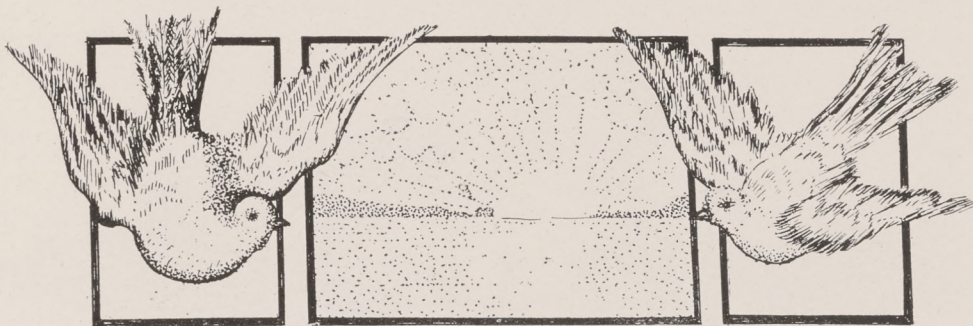
The boys did some good practice work in the pavilion at Kenilworth Park early this season, and made a good showing in the games played with other schools. The contests and their results are as follows:

Analy Union High School	9
Petaluma	14
Gold Ridge	23
Petaluma	26
Gold Ridge	18
Petaluma	16
Santa Rosa	26
Petaluma	16

—o—

My Old Spikes

How like the spikes of a running shoe
Is the man who wears the same;
Both must be sharp while the race is on,
Till the very end of the game.
Both must be fast to a pair of feet,
And should not run down at the heel;
Must make things fly for a little space
And be sharp as tacks of steel.
While both are new they are kept with care,
And both produce a spell,
But when they age or get out of date
There's another tale to tell.
The world will honor my running shoe
While it and I can spin—
Dismiss us both, and forget us, too,
Just as soon as we fail to win.



EXCHANGES

In practically every school paper an exchange department is found, but it is an acknowledged fact that the criticisms of papers unknown to the general reader are of absolutely no interest to him. We are, therefore, of the opinion that such a department should be discontinued in order to make room for something more worth while.

We are far from being opposed to the principles of exchange, realizing that there are many benefits to be gained from it. Exchanging with other schools gives new ideas as to the arrangement of our own paper—cuts, jokes, and the various departments. We compare our paper with others and see wherein ours could be bettered; and also there is the competition with other schools, making us strive to keep our paper up to the standard. This year we have exchanged with about thirty schools and have received many suggestions.

We advocate the idea of sending and receiving exchanges, but of making acknowledgements, or any possible criticisms, through the mail. In this way the advantages of exchanging can be gained and that omitted from publication which is of slight interest to the readers.





SCHOOL NOTES



IN JANUARY thirteenth the high school opened for the spring term, enlarged by thirty-eight entering pupils. With them came two new teachers, Miss Hesse to fill Miss Robertson's place, and Miss Shaw to take charge of the Domestic Science department. This course is an addition to the Petaluma school curriculum and has been taken up by many girls both of the grammar and high schools. Rooms have been fitted up for the purpose in the basement of the Lincoln Primary School and are fully equipped with every modern convenience. On February seventh the high school class entertained the members of the faculty. Everything was prepared by the pupils, and the quality of the menu evidenced their excellent training. They again entertained at an elaborate breakfast on March twelfth.

At the close of school last term, the pupils were heart broken at the resignation of Miss Robertson. Shortly afterward she announced her engagement, to Mr. Connick a prominent business man of Eureka. The wedding is to take place in June and, after a wedding tour, they will make their home in Eureka. The best wishes of the students and faculty will always be with her.

During the month of February Miss Robertson returned to Petaluma for a brief visit, when she was the guest of Miss Anna Symons.

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The Sophomores, whose class teacher she had been before her departure, surprised her with a kitchen shower in honor of her approaching marriage. The jolly affair took place at the Symons residence, and the trips to and from the home were made in a large hay wagon.

MISS SCHLOSS' RECITALS.

On January twenty-fourth and February twenty-eighth, Miss Schloss of San Francisco favored us with two beautiful piano recitals. She has studied abroad for years, and has given recitals in Dresden, Frankfort, Berlin and other musical centers, while in our own land she has played in New York and Chicago. She brought with her each time a special piano from Santa Rosa. Before playing, she explained the themes of the compositions that we might the better understand them. The assembly hall was filled to its utmost capacity by visitors, the members of the Patroness' Club attending in large numbers. The kindness of Miss Schloss was sincerely appreciated by all who were fortunate enough to be present. The following is the second of the beautiful programs, which were rendered with the finish of a true artist:

Overture	Bach—Joseffy
Capriccio	Brahms
Nine Preludes	Chopin
Carnival	Schumann

FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

On January the thirty-first the Sophomores gave their annual reception to the Freshmen in Redmen Hall, which had been secured for the occasion, and which was prettily decorated with evergreen and purple and white crepe paper. Dancing was enjoyed to music by Paulsen's orchestra, while for those who did not dance games were provided in an adjoining room. During the evening punch was served at daintily decorated tables. Will Ayers and Blake Hill officiated as floor managers, and the entertainment was a pronounced success.

LINCOLN DAY.

As usual the school observed Lincoln's birthday with a suitable program. Members of the G. A. R. were present for the occasion, when the following program was rendered:

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Flag of the Free	School
Lincoln's Life	Mr. Pound
The Union Jack	School
O Captain, My Captain	Gladys Corry
Steriopticon Views of Lincoln ...	Mr. Smith
Addresses by members of G. A. R.	
America	School

MR. ELMQUIST'S RECITAL.

The afternoon of March eighteenth was made most enjoyable by a recital given by Mr. Elmquist, pianist and vocalist, and Mr. Chapin, violinist. The classic program was beautifully rendered, and the generosity of the performers was greatly appreciated.

Violin (a) Serenade	F. Schubert
(b) Gavotte	Carl Bohm
Bass Solo, Sir Patrick Spence	Edwards
Violin, Der Sohn der Haide	Keler-Beln
Piano (a) March Funerbre	Chopin
(b) Aragonarse	J. Massenet

THE TOASTMASTER.

"The Toastmaster" was presented on Friday evening, May 16th under the auspices of the high school, and was a big success. The play, a rollicking college comedy, was one of the funniest ever staged by the students, and the members of the cast played their parts to perfection. Great credit is due to Miss Polland, the coach, for the success of the performance, and to the members of the cast for their faithfulness. The house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience and the financial results of the production were most gratifying.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Bill Morgan, who loves and owes	Randolph Christie
"Towel" Fairfax, The Toastmaster	Harold Madison
Bob Kenmark, a friend of Bill's	Harold Peck
Henry Reed, son of Prof Reed's	Dick Brown
Tom Ripley, a friend of Henry's	Paul Sales
George MacIntosh, who love and hopes	Ray Murphy
Prof. Reed, who has something to say	Everett Linoberg
Mrs. Reed, who has nothing to say	Sidna Helman
Cynthia, their daughter	Charlotte Chamberlin
Buzzer, their small son, who has too much to say ...	ThurLOW Haskell

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

PROGRAMS.

As usual several excellent programs have been rendered on Friday afternoons by the students. Special committees are appointed to carry these out, and although there have been fewer than usual this term, those given have been excellent.

For a few days during the month of February Miss Perkins was the guest of Miss Sweed, during which time they called at school and visited the various class rooms. The pupils were overjoyed at seeing their dear friends and former teachers again.

Early in the spring Miss Sweed presented the school with a volume of notable historical documents, which she brought with her upon her return from Europe. The book is a valuable addition to the school library, and the students are grateful to Miss Sweed for her thoughtfulness.

During the term the school was enlivened by a visit from the Jubilee Singers, a company of professional vocalists, who called at the high school and gave a short, but most enjoyable, program of songs. The students were delighted with the music, and would gladly have heard more.

Mr. and Mrs. Young delightfully entertained the members of Mr. Young's Senior and Junior classes at a candy pull, one afternoon in March. The affair was held in Mr. Young's class room, and was exceedingly informal and jolly.





ALUMNI

In the year 1886-7, when the Petaluma High School building was first in use, the enrollment was from 51 to 65 pupils.

In the year 1912-13, the same building is in use with an enrollment of 245 pupils.

CLASS OF '08.

Julia Church is teaching school in Sausalito.

Irene Mackay is attending the University of California.

Harold Baugh took the degree Bachelor of Science at the University of California in May of this year.

Bryan Rice is residing in Petaluma.

Ruth Trondsen is a stenographer for the McPhail Co., Petaluma.

Mrs. Veda Bowels Hart, Petaluma.

Florence Wash, Petaluma.

Sophia Schuler is a teacher in the Petaluma school department.

Roy Evans is working with Brainerd Jones, architect.

Russell Boothe is associate editor of a Martinez newspaper

Lily Wilstrup, married, residence not known.

Myra Green is a teacher in the Petaluma School Department.

CLASS OF '09.

Ralph Comstock is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Charles Green is attending Stanford University.

Anna Burleigh is residing at Campbell.

Joseph Glickbarg, San Francisco.

Seth Mackay is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

Anna May Canevascini is teaching in Laguna Joint District near Petaluma.

Gladys Gould is attending the University of California.

Genevieve Farrell is teaching at the Marin District school near Petaluma.

Charles Denman is attending the University of California.

Vita Jones is studying in a missionary training school at Kansas City.

Oliver Banta is with the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. at Oakland.

Isabel Gilbert is teaching the Payran District school near Petaluma, Cal.

Kitty Connolly is practicing her profession as nurse in Petaluma.

Rowena Benson graduated from the University of California in May of this year.

Jessie Scott is teaching at Novato.

CLASS OF '10.

Lorene Myers is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Will Cannon is residing in San Francisco.

Rose Cole is teaching near Santa Rosa, Tarwater District.

Warren Early is with the Western Refrigerating Co., Petaluma.

Marion Partridge is teaching kindergarten at Riverside.

Mrs. Addie Davies Atkinson, Sunnyvale.

Arthur Purvine is taking the Agriculture course at the University of California.

Will Barth is with the G. P. McNear Co., Petaluma.

Otto Klein, Oakland, Cal.

Percy Peck is studying dentistry at the Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.

Mrs. Florence Pometta Anderson, Petaluma.

Virgil Skinner is attending Hastings Law School, San Francisco.

Alice Dovey is a stenographer in San Francisco.

Leroy Brandt graduated from the Music Department of the University of the Pacific in May, 1913.

Rena Van Marter is teaching at Liberty, near Petaluma.

Ruth King is teaching near Petaluma, Chileno Valley District.

Mrs. Mary Menary Gamboni, Petaluma.

Emma Saline is teaching at the Cinnabar school near Petaluma.

Edna Boysen is residing at Two Rock.

Helen Soldate is in San Francisco.

Shirley Bock is teaching at Millerton.

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

CLASS OF '11.

Clifford Allen is taking the Electrical Engineering course at the University of California.

Irene Haran is training to be a nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco.

Lillian Keller is studying music in San Francisco.

Percy Mills is taking the Law course at the University of California.

Enid Dorroh is living at home, near Petaluma.

Mary Connolly is attending San Jose Normal.

Mildred Herbert is residing in San Francisco.

Ethel Cannon is residing in San Francisco.

Will Loftus is with the W.D. Thomas Electrical Co., Petaluma.

CLASS OF '12.

Many of the girls of the class of 1912 are attending the different normal schools of the state. Those attending San Francisco Normal are:

Genevieve Gallagher, Kathleen Hall, Lois Comstock, Jane Ryan, Lydia Allen, Helen Stratton, Martha Saline, Clara Dahlman and Geraldine Hall.

Three are attending San Jose Normal. They are:

Flora Church, Lynwood Hall and Mable Casarotti.

Clarice Kennedy is studying Domestic Science at Chico Normal.

Mary M. Bower is attending San Diego Normal.

Robert Adams is with the Great Western Power Co., Petaluma.

Geraldine Boothe is attending the University of California.

Carlton Dorroh is with the Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railroad Company.

Millicent Horwege is attending St. Vincent's Academy.

Herman Raymaker is residing at home.

Loretta Gallagher is taking a course at the Gallagher-Marsh Business College, San Francisco.

Lois Purvine is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Leslie Thomas is attending dental college in San Francisco.

Tillie Oeltjen is with Hickey & Vonsen, Petaluma.

Leola Pinger is taking a post graduate course at the Petaluma High School.

Ruth M. Anderson is living at home, near Petaluma.

Will Symons is with the Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railroad.

Marie Benjamin is attending the University of California.

John Menary is residing in Petaluma.

Hall Weston is studying dentistry in San Francisco.



YOU MAKE ME LAUGH!

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

Alec, Josh Editor: "I'm not getting all I deserve for these jokes."

Linoberg: "You're lucky."

—o—

Their meeting—oh, 'twas sudden!
Their meeting—t'was so sad!
She gave away her fair young life,
The only life she had.
She's lying 'neath the willows,
Yes, she's resting gently now,
Well, there's always something doing
When a freight train hits a cow.

—Ex.

—o—

Miss Mc L.: "Ray, stop making such a noise back there."

Skilling. "Aw I wasn't doin' nuthin'. I had my mind on my book and somebody swiped it."

Sidna H.: "Gee, I've found out what is worse than having a worm dropped down my back."

Nell F.: "What?"

S. H.: "Making a hit with Frenchy!"

Babe Peck: "There are lots of girls who don't intend to get married."

Jeff: "How do you know?"

Babe: "Well, I've proposed to several."

It doesn't make much difference who 'phones if the teachers will only let you answer

Uno-it's-so!

AT REHEARSAL

Randolph (disgustedly): "Gee, do I have to kiss Cheese?"

Miss Pollard: "No, just make believe."

Charlotte: "Does he kiss me?"

Randolph: "You bet I do."

CRUEL

Miss Schluckebier in German:

"I suppose I should have taught you the German alphabet. Turn to page 16 for a moment and I'll run it through you."

We like musicals, or anything else, on Friday afternoons—if we can have short periods.

Uno-it's-so!

"The physician," says Brown, "is the man who tells you that you need change, and then takes all you have."

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

STUDIES OF THE VERNACULAR

"Sayjen, wossatchoogot?"

"Watchamean?"

"Youreatinsumpun!"

"Snuthinbutta wadagumkit."

"Well, canchagimmychunk?"

"Solligot."

"Yougotchoornerve."

"Qyitcherfibbin!"

"Awcutitout, girls.!" warned the floorwalker, who had happened along and overheard the conversation.—Ex.

AT THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

FRESHMEN AWAITING THEIR TURN AT THE



A NATURAL LAW APPLIED TO LOVE

The lower the gas, the higher the pressure.—Ex.

Nellie F: "I think Funny is a delightful dancer; he is so light on his feet."

Frances B: "When you get to know him better you'll find that he's well balanced."

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

RATS

If you were working hard at the study hall desk and one of the kids squealed suddenly, "O, Miss Poll-and, there's a mouse under your chair!" and you elevated your two feet four feet in the air and jumped off from the platform and tore out of the room yelling, "Murder—Mr. Smith! Fire! Police!" do you think there'd be anything to laugh about?"

Miss Hesse (in Geometry) "Will, your recitation was awfully mixed up. You put the cart before the horse."

Will Ayers: "I was thinking of a push cart."

Mr. Smith (in history): "Now someone with a little more sense than a crab answer."

Query. Why did Sidna Hellmann answer?

"See here, young man! Have you an excuse for being late?"

Paul Sales: "Yes, teacher. I got a peach of a one, but I'm so excited that I can't think of it just this minute."

Just because a fellow has a girl who has a 'phone is no reason for his holding the school 'phone half an hour to talk with her.

Uno-it's-so!

Mr. Smith (in U. S. History): "When was Lincoln born?"

Clara Meeks: "I—I don't know. I was absent that day I guess."

Traveling inspector (cross-questioning the terrified class): "And now, boys, who wrote Hamlet?"

Timid Boy: "P—p—please, sir, it wasn't me."

Traveling inspector (the same evening to his host, the squire of the village): "Most amusing thing happened today. I was questioning the class, and asked a boy who wrote Hamlet, and he answered tearfully: "P—p—please, sir, it wasn't me."

Squire (after loud and prolonged laughter): "Ha! Ha! That's good! and I'll wager the little beggar had done it all the time!"

Ex.

The Base Ball team should challenge the Kindergarten. We must beat somebody and we can't do anything with the Grammar school
Uno-it's-so!

What's the difference between a sigh, an auto, and a donkey?

A sigh is O dear, an auto is 2 dear, and a donkey is U dear.

Miss Prutzman, in English,: "Jack, what characteristics were introduced into poetry during this period we are speaking of?"

Jack, thinking hard: "Let's see. One was rhyming couplets and the other—blankety blank!"

Miss Prutzman: "Yes, that's correct, rhyming couplets and blank verse."

Everybody's welcome at a Freshman Reception—except Freshman!
Uno-it's-so!

A LEGAL MATTER

A woman walked into the office of a court room one busy day and addressing the Judge, said: "Are you the Reprobate Judge?"

"I am the Probate Judge, madam."

"That's what I mean," she continued.

"You see, I have come to you because I'm in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a logical cemetery, and he died detested and left me three little infidels, and I have come to you to be appointed their executioner."

—Ex.

Carlos Schweers (while drawing a study with onions in it): "Miss Schluckebier, I don't see anything artistic in these old onions."

Erwin Tompkins: "Why man, they're the strongest part of the picture!"

It is rumored that on the recent trip up Mt. Tamalpais, a local faculty member was met by a bee and stung half way up the mountain.

Anybody could be an athlete if he got his expenses paid.

Uno-it's-so!

Customer: "Are you the waiter who took the order for that chop?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Customer: "Bless me, how you have grown.—Ex.

"All great men are dead, and I'm getting sick," says Hebe Dykes.

REALLY

Dick Brown, (making a speech at rally): "You all want to come over to the field meet. If any of you have never seen one before, this will be your first time."

The other day Miss McLaurin was considerably put out, owing to the fact that her entire Freshie history class stayed out of school to go to a milk test.

Miss D. (in physical geog.) "Ray where's your Darling's Manuel?"

Ray Winans. "I don't know. I should think Goldie could take care of her own books."

Alec; "For goodness sake, tell me how I can hatch a joke."

Fat Boyer: "Set your mind on 'em."

Miss Schluckebier (in German): "Herr Murphy, ubersetzen Sie; Uns ragen in dem Lande zwei feste Schlosser!"

Herr Murphy: "We ragged in two story castles in the land!"

There is a young student named

Sid,

Who is the librarian kid.

She goes after books

With fierce frowns and looks,

And lands with great force on our lids.

Sidna H.: "Gee, it's cold! Let's go out on the porch. It's warm where the sun is."

Alice C.: "Gosh! Whose son?"

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

AT THE SANTA ROSA GAME

Umpire: "Foul!"

Petaluma Chicken: "Where are the feathers?"

Umpire: "You goose, this is a picked team!"

A green little boy in a green little way,

A green little apple devoured one day;

And the green little grasses now tenderly wave,

O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.—Ex.

Miss Prutzman: "Lena, will you tell something of Mozart's later life?"

Lena Brown: "Well, he married a singer and died rather young and—and after that he spent a very unhappy time."

"Dip" is all right. He keeps quiet when he hasn't anything to say and so everybody likes him. He doesn't make any noise when he sleeps during class.. You should be like Dip.

Uno-it's-so!

"Orr: "A man was killed the other day by lighting a pipe."

Linoberg: "Golly! What kind of a pipe was it?"

Orr: "A gas pipe."

Hale Luff "Why do you suppose Fat Boyer has such a vacant expression?"

"Peck: "O, I suppose he thinks of himself a good deal."

THE FRESHMAN

The Freshman is a jolly beast,

The candy takes his "tin,"

He's green, as everybody knows,

But has a cheerful grin.

No one can raise the slightest doubt about his lack of skill;

The passing years may help him out—

We surely hope they will.

He's small of stature, and his brain Is full of baby tricks;

He bendeth pins for Sophomores, And loads the stove with bricks.

He maketh noise e'en as he walks, He seems to weigh a ton;

He yells like some Comanche Chief, But getteth nothing done.

God bless the verdant Freshie lad, He's lots of things to learn

Before he gets so old and dry That he would do to burn.

If he could only see himself

As other folks can see,

He'd take a seat far in the rear

And, oh!—how good he'd be!

Oxender: "See here Groverman, you'd better not stand in the middle of the railroad track with your mouth open!

Groverman: "Why not?"

Oxender: "Because if the engine happened to come along the engineer might think it was a tunnel, and run right in."

Mr. Smith, as the hostile cats next door yowled melodiously,

"Dear me, I didn't know the singing class held session this period."

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

SCARED OFF

An Imp sneaked up from the bottomless pit
To see what he could find.

He flitted here and he flitted there,
For the imp had plenty of time to spare
And wished to improve his mind.
He struck the Turks in their hasty flight
To the shelled Tchataljia lines,
And pausing only to leave regrets,
Came down where the English suffragettes
Were planting their bombs and mines.
To Mexico next he took his flight,
But turned in a trice to flee;
And he said, as he dodged through the shooting throngs:
"I'm going back where an imp belongs—
This world's too hot for me!"

New York Evening Sun.

Imogene Jones: "I suppose you
will commit suicide if I refuse
you?"

Bernhard: "Oh, that has been my
custom."

It is reported that a great dis-
turbance was created in Miss
Hesse's geometry class the other
day when someone dropped a per-
pendicular.

What Harold Madison wants for
a graduation present is a "Silva"
spoon.

*The poorest students can play the
best rag time.*

Uno-it's-so!

Squeak: "Would you marry a
man intellectually your inferior?"

Sidna: "I suppose I'll have to."

Mrs. Preshaw to her small son:
"Tommy, what are you doing?"

Tommy: "Peeking through the
keyhole at Ruth and Ralph."

Mother: "What did you find
out?"

Tommy: "The lights."

Mr. Smith (in Civil Gov't.):
"What are the powers of the mayor
of a city?"

Gladys K. (thinking hard); "He
is over all the officials under him."

Martina: "Have you ever had
your ears pierced?"

Marjorie G.: "No, but I've often
had them bored."

Randolph: "Do you know what
I like best about you?"

Marjorie C.: "No, what?"

Randolph: "My arm."

THE ENTERPRISE, '13

ON APRIL FIRST

Marjorie B.: "Miss Beauchamp's going to get married."

Ruth S.: Oh, Joy!"

Majorie B.: "April Fool!"

Ray Murphy's diamond was the wonder of the high school.

"Is it a real one, Ray?" he was asked.

Ray: "Well, if it ain't, I've been skun out of half a dollar."

Miss Hesse (in English): "Will Schoeningh, tell me who were the ancestors of Washington Irving."

Will: "Well, Adam and Eve—that is as far back as I can remember."

If the high school girls went fishing, would Drusilla Casterline for Jared Scudder?

Miss Polland, (leading Monday morning singing): "If you would only open your mouth wider and put your heart in it you would sing much better."

Shrill whisper: "Let go of my hand."

Randolph: "Don't give me away like that, Marion."

Nell F.: "Don't you hate to find a worm when eating fruit?"


Imogene J.: "Not nearly so much as finding half a worm."

Eavesdropping again," said Adam, as Eve fell out of the fig tree.—Ex.

Women were made before looking-glasses and have remained there ever since.



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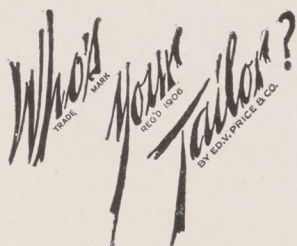
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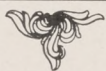
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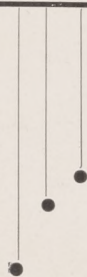
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Helen Stratton was drilling one of her pupils at the board. He was not very attentive and this is what she said to him. "Oh! Come now. Cut out that funny business. Don't let a little thing like that stump you."

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Jerry Hall (teaching geog.): "Now, class, we are going for a little trip around the world. Here, we will start from Petaluma."

Bewildered Pupil: "Mi—ss, w-where is Petaluma?"

Even a dead duck can claim that it died game.—Ex.



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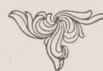


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Kathleen Hall, being on basement duty one morning, found it necessary to reprimand one of the largest and oldest boys in the school. After talking to him for a few minutes she was attracted by strange sounds coming from all sides. A crowd of children, who had suddenly come in to the basement were standing and shouting, "Look! Mackey has another new girl!"

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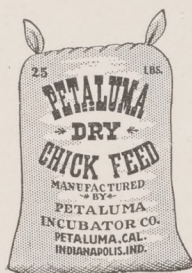
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It is not a stimulant to force egg production at the expense of the physical condition of the fowls and soon leave them in worse condition than formerly, (an experience that some poultrymen are familiar with), but it is a **TONIC**, keeping the fowls in a healthy state and able to perform their functions to the best advantage possible.

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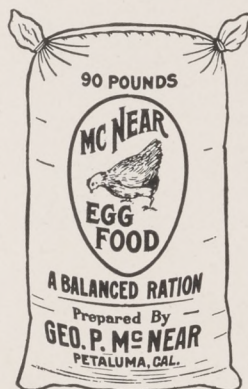
It was in one of the colored schools in Baltimore, and the teacher was an inexperienced one. There was talking among the little negroes before her.

"I want absolute silence," she said severely.

"I want absolute silence," she repeated.

At the third demand one very small girl spoke up boldly:

"Absolute silence ain't hyar," she said, "she's got de toofache."—Ex.



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"There are several young men in the car," remarked Mrs. Holdstrap, with some feeling, "but they can hardly be classed among the rising generation."—Ex.

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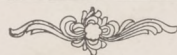
Oxender: "See here, Grovermann, you'd better not stand in the middle of the railroad track with your mouth open."

Grovermann: "Why not?"

Oxender: "Because if the engine happened to come along the engineer might think it was a tunnel, and run right in."



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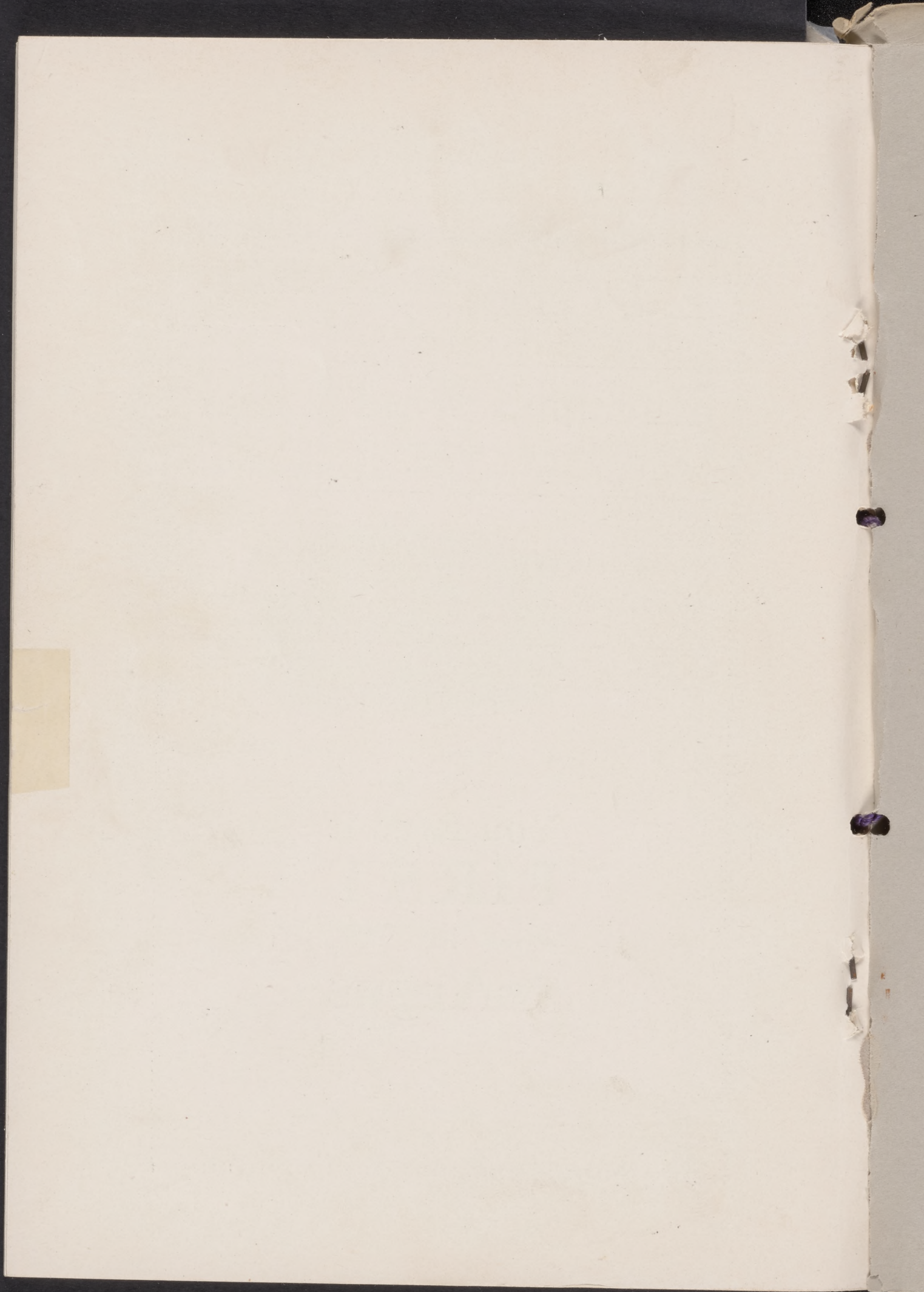
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